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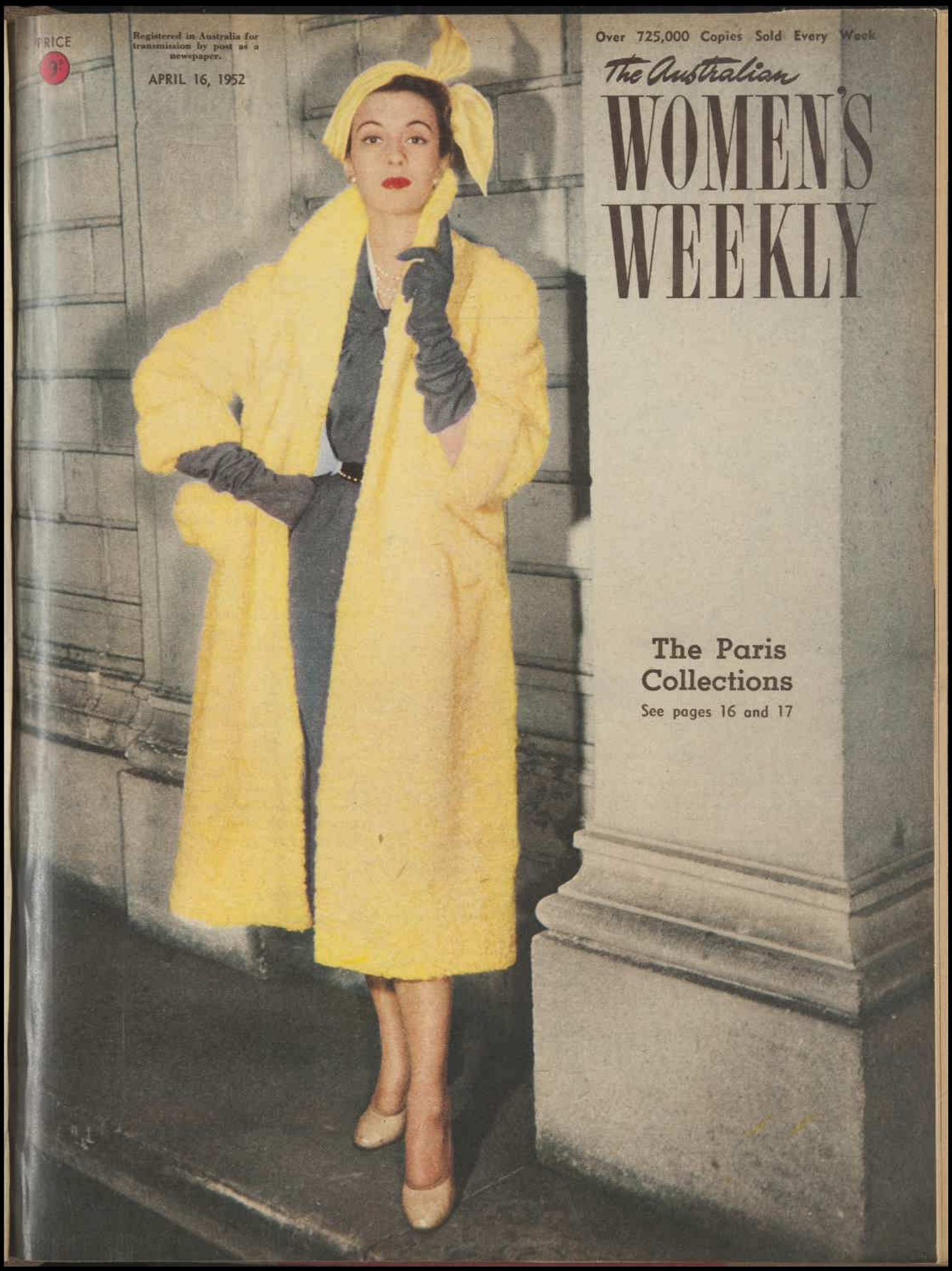

The Paris Collections

See pages 16 and 17

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A complete short story

By Roland Pertwee

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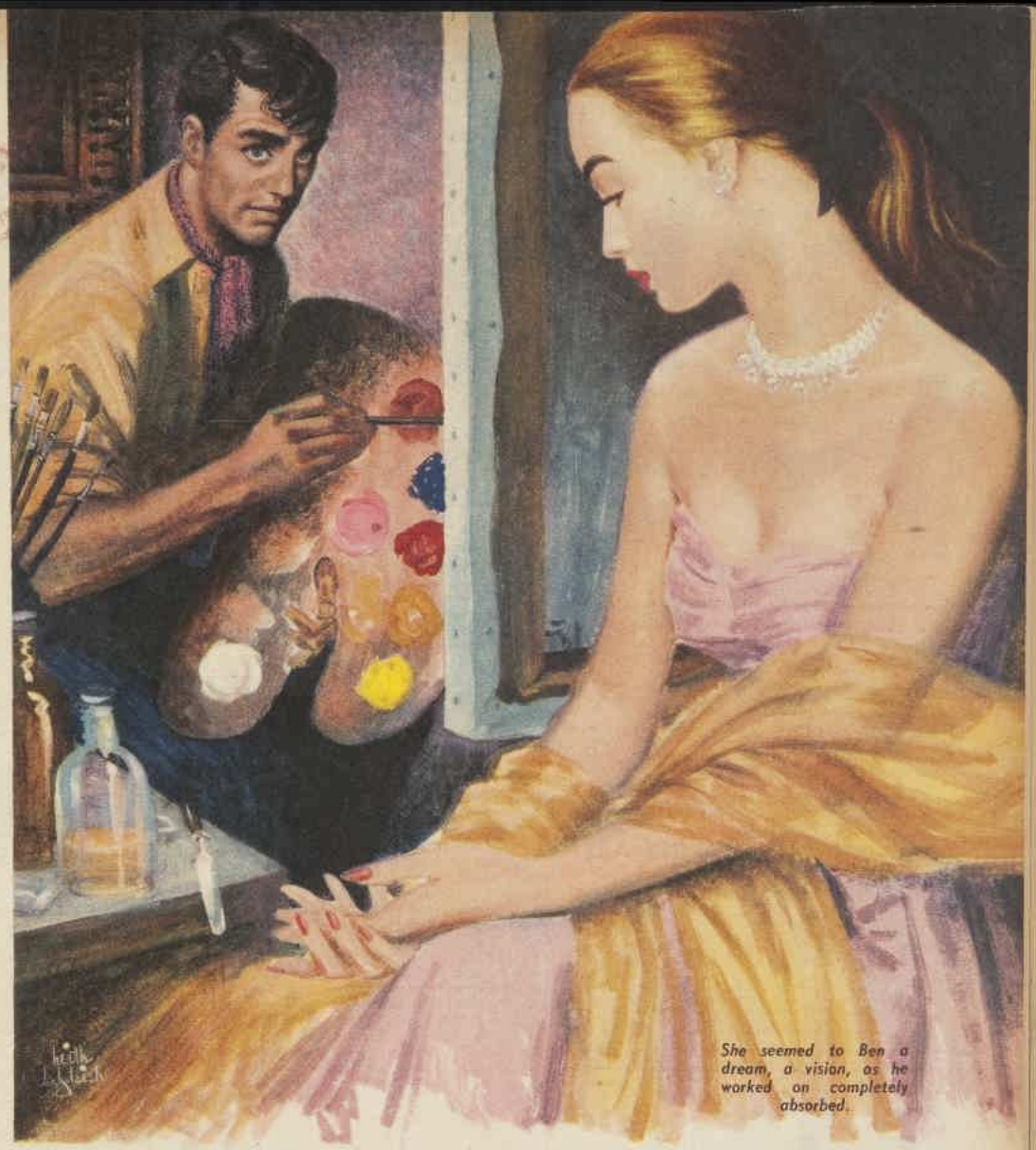

She seemed to Ben a dream, a vision, as he worked on completely absorbed.

REFLECTED GLORY

IT was at the dinner given to Fensmore, the American surrealist, that I met Ben Carnaby's wife. She was pointed out to me while having a cocktail, and as she was smart and pretty I was glad to discover from the guest plan that we would be sitting together.

As leader of the Chiswick Group, Carnaby was at the high table with Mrs. Fensmore on his left and Betty on his right. After we'd taken our places I modified my enthusiasm for her looks, although it is only fair to confess that I did not do so until she had glanced at my name card and turned away as though I was unlikely to be of interest.

Artists' wives tend to be over-polite to critics and this exception argued that her knowledge of Ben's affairs and associates was strictly limited. They had only recently been married, so this was to be expected, but she was in no doubt as to the identity of the Augustus Johns and Matthew Smiths who were present. Sitting forward in her chair she blinked at them wonderingly like a child before a lighted Christmas-tree.

The first public appearance of a celebrity's wife always excites interest, and it was obvious that Betty was doing her utmost to make a memorable impression, but, being old-fashioned enough to prefer seeing married couples wrapped up in each other rather than staging private views of their own attractions, I asked rather sourly whether she realised she had married a very great painter.

"I realise that he will be," she replied with such staggering self-confidence that I was at a loss to reply, then went on to inquire whether I was interested in painting.

Ben, who overheard the question, laid a warning hand on one of hers, and said. "You're talking to Willie Seaton, sweetheart, who holds our careers in the hollow of his fountain-pen."

Betty's indifference transformed itself into an expression of flattering humility.

"Only this morning I was reading your heavenly article on the new French exhibition," she gasped. "How exciting to meet somebody who really can talk about art!"

I told her I never did that when food supplied a more agreeable alternative.

She gave a light, protesting laugh, then became serious.

"Honestly, though, I'm dying to talk about Ben with a person who knows. I have a feeling something is missing in his work. Not being a painter, I can't put it into words, but the trouble is deep and intrinsic, if you know what I mean."

My advice, in the interests of domestic happiness, to resist the temptation to put it into words shocked her profoundly.

"But it would be a terrible neglect of duty not to tell Ben exactly what I think."

"Why suppose what you think is necessarily worth hearing?" said I. "Ben has practised his art for many years and it would call for a great deal of study and experience to catch up with what he knows."

Betty Carnaby shook her head at me. "Surely you're not one of those men who don't believe in wifely intuition? We haven't been married very long, I grant you, and before that my convictions about art were bottled up for lack of an opportunity to express them. My first husband, you see, was of the earth earthy. He was a bacteriologist and didn't know a Manet from a Monet."

She made room for my chuckle but in its absence went on: "His name was Britling. I don't expect you ever heard it, yet he might have risen to any heights if he hadn't refused to listen."

I knew then that Betty Carnaby was one of those sadly misguided females who, by the simple act of signing a marriage certificate, assume that they know more about their husband's job than he does.

Ben was looking very contented with life and was at the top of his talking form, from which I concluded that he had yet to realise what he was in for, but as dinner progressed there were plenty of pointers, and, dropping her facade of modesty, Betty put in her spoke and vigorously disputed his arguments and opinions.

The maddening phrase, "Darling, how can you be so silly?" was constantly on her lips and I was astonished that he accepted it with such good humor; yet so he did, and discussed the merits or demerits of his contemporaries' work with unabated cheerfulness.

The talk, as is inevitable in discussions of modern art, swung round to Picasso, and Carnaby delivered himself of a broadside against what he described as "suppurating effusions." They were strong words and in the hush that followed them Betty said: "Ben, darling, how can you be so silly? You can't really be allowed to speak like that of such a very great artist."

There were a few nods and grunts of approval and Betty's eyes flashed with triumph.

"But wait a moment," Mrs. Fensmore interposed. "Is it the one we're talking about that she's standing up for? After all, there are two Picassos, aren't there?"

I thought it obvious to everybody that she was referring to the two moods of the same man—to the sensitive draughtsman and colorist of the earlier years and the turgid distortionist of the Guernica period; but I was wrong, for Betty replied: "Of course there are two, but Pablo is the only one worth discussing."

Even Ben was badly shaken by that.

While I was getting into my overcoat, Franklin of "The Times" came up and said: "That wife of Carnaby's put me in mind of a Greuze with harder edges to it. I was too far off to hear what she was talking about. She looked as if she might be clever."

I refrained from saying she was a conceited little fool and accepted the offer of a lift home from Collingham, who told me he had known Betty's first husband.

"He was a fellow member at Boodles—very amusing and popular until something went wrong and all the spirit was sapped out of him."

"She divorced him," I replied. "Perhaps that's what got him down."

Collingham shook his head. "It can hardly have been that, for the last time we met he was sailing up St. James' Street as happy as a lark and a few minutes later I saw in an evening paper that his wife had been granted a decree nisi."

Then the war came and I lost touch with the Carnabys. But, in consequence of bearing Ben's name and having herself photographed in several different uniforms, Betty contrived to occupy more than her fair share of that part of the public eye that was not focused on international events.

While travelling to Berkshire for a week-end's freedom from the city grind, I read an interview with her in which she said that Ben, who was working as an official war artist, was unlikely to paint anything worth while until they were together again.

As the stuff he was doing was even better than those imaginative compositions of Nevinson's in World War 1, I pitched the paper into the lap of Jenny Ogden, the novelist, and savagely demanded: "Doesn't this idiot realise how maddening that kind of observation must be to her husband?"

Life has its rules. May not exceptions prove them?

Please turn to page 4

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"I'll never forget the joy on Aunt Margaret's face when she heard the rain beating on the window."

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For that 'SHOW'weary feeling

Reflected Glory

Continued from page 3

JENNY read the thing with a twisted smile. "That wouldn't stop her," she replied.

"Why not? She must be fond of him or she wouldn't keep dragging him in."

"Nonsense! She's only concerned with the light he reflects upon herself. Having no natural brilliance of their own, the Betty Carnabys shine on borrowed fuel."

"Then the sooner he gets rid of her the better."

"I agree, but that won't be too easy. Her sort stick like clay unless they can attach themselves to a brighter beacon—as she did after her first marriage."

"Now be fair," said I. "Surely then it was her husband who went off the rails?"

"Of course it was — by special request — no husband was ever more eager to oblige."

In 1948, reviving something of their pre-war hospitality, the Maclarens invited a number of guests to Castle Malloch on the River Dee. I couldn't imagine why I had been asked until I read in a postscript that Ben Carnaby was there painting a group of the family.

I was driving my own car and when I arrived everybody was out fishing except Betty, who had strained a wrist. Her welcome was so cordial that I almost forgot how much I disliked her and, to remind myself, asked if she was still as staunch a champion of Pablo Picasso.

She gave a bubbling chuckle. "I've always been proud of that remark. I was determined to put myself over that night and a first-class howler is something nobody ever forgets. Of course, I didn't imagine for a moment Ben would believe that I really thought there were two Picassos, but he's an awfully simple creature and flounders desperately unless there's someone at his elbow."

I asked her how the portrait group was progressing.

She shrugged. "So-so. That sort of work isn't his metier. Whenever I look at it I find myself wondering how Raeburn would have handled the subject."

"A visit to any major art gallery would enlighten you," I replied. She told me I would be better able to appreciate her meaning after seeing the picture myself.

Ben Carnaby was too absorbed in his work to hear me come into the room. On a dais before him sat a girl in the dress Lady Maclaren was wearing in the group. I was at once impressed by the gentle profile, the glints in her hair and a curiously satisfying air of calm that pervaded her.

Without moving she said: "Someone wants you."

Ben glared over his shoulder, saw who it was, and descended upon me enthusiastically. He told me the girl was Mary Strachan and that she was "standing in" for Nellie Maclaren — the worst sitter he'd ever struck.

Mary said: "It's agony for Aunt Nell to stop in one place for five minutes."

"But not for you?" I hazarded.

"No, I like it."

Ben said: "You can't paint a dress like that on somebody who won't keep still."

It was very apparent that Lady Maclaren was only really at home in her sensible tweeds and well-cut sports clothes, for the frock she had chosen (quite likely without even trying it on) was most unsuited to her, both in its mauve-pink color and low-cut style. On this girl, however, it looked heavenly. It was her frock.

Noticing the delicate flesh tones on Ben's palette, I realised that it wasn't the dress but Mary Strachan's hand and arm that he had been painting. For a man who refused in any circumstances to flatter a sitter to have done a thing like that astonished me.

"It's so seldom one sees the play of light on an object one can't resist," he said, "and, anyway, Nellie Maclaren is all for having me pretty her up a bit."

"Anybody who paints like that has no need to apologise for where or why he does it," I replied.

I WATCHED for ten minutes or so, then left him with his sitter.

Betty had too many cocktails before dinner that night and they tended to make her waspish.

"I've discovered what's wrong with the group, darling," she announced ringingly. "You've utterly failed to grasp the Maclaren mentality. Instead of fiddling about on the canvas all day you should have been with them on the river bank. Looking at a sitter tells you only about a quarter of the truth. You must live their lives if you hope to capture the other three-quarters."

There was an awkward silence. Then quietly, but very distinctly, Mary Strachan asked: "Must you give him all his painting lessons in public?"

A lake of crimson flooded Betty Carnaby's neck and she laid both her hands flat on the table, but, instead of jumping up as she seemed in danger of doing, she broke into a silvery laugh and said: "Hallo! I thought the children only came down for dessert."

A wild skirl echoed round the room, for this was the moment the Maclaren piper piped in the haggis.

The Carnabys' room adjoined my own, as I quickly discovered when I came up to bed. The windows of both rooms were open and unless I retreated downstairs, which I had no inclination to do, it was impossible not to hear what Betty was saying.

It is customary, I believe, in marital upheavals, for the wife to do most of the talking and this custom Betty most faithfully observed, but that did not prevent her asking how much longer Ben intended to sit there and say nothing.

His reply, when it came, was utterly unlike him.

"Oh, be quiet," he implored, "for I'm sick of the sound of your voice and of everything about you."

It took her a minute to come back with: "Yes, because you are such a fool that you resent criticism of any sort or kind. That's why you've never reached the top of your profession. You won't listen. All you ask for is the sickening kind of flattery that girl Mary Who-ever-she-is gives you."

"But she doesn't," he replied. "She knows nothing about painting, and has the sense to keep her mouth shut."

"I've no wish to discuss the creature one way or the other, but I'd like to know when you've ever listened to or profited by my advice."

Ben said: "I've listened because I couldn't help myself, but I've never profited by it—nobody could."

She gasped and he went on: "It's often amazed me that, in all the years you've spent among painters, you've never learnt anything but a lot of silly jargon."

Her voice was shaking with rage when she found the words to reply: "You just say that because I showed you up tonight. You're furious in case people should think I know more about your work than you do."

"You are entitled to your opinion," he said, "and had better make the most of it, for you've shown me up for the last time."

"What do you mean?"

"That I've decided to leave you and I can't imagine why I didn't do it years ago. I'll see that my lawyer supplies you with grounds for divorce."

"Your lawyer!" she flashed back. "Why not Mary Strachan, or isn't she willing to oblige?"

He was silent for a moment, then said: "I'll find out," and I heard the door close.

He was back ten minutes later to say: "She is," and I would not have believed so much relief and gratitude could have been packed into two words.

I was motoring into Aberdeen the following morning, and it was a shock when Lady Maclaren asked me to drop Betty Carnaby at the station as she was returning to London unexpectedly.

Please turn to page 53

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — ***By GUS***

I did: PROTEX is my favourite deodorant complexion soap —

I did: PROTEX gives me lots of lather and a bushland tang

I did: Mummy said I should!

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REGULAR AND BATH SIZE

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THE RED CENTRE

By FRANK NUNN

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

SIXTH INSTALMENT OF OUR SEVEN-PART SERIAL

MARTIN STEWART, geologist, and DAWN STOREY, daughter of noted atom scientist PROFESSOR STOREY, join STEVE BOCK and BILL RANDELL in a search for uranium in Central Australia, following a series of grim and startling events.

The Professor was murdered on board the transcontinental train and Martin was suspected at first. Later security officers decided that the murder was the work of Communist PETER HOLT.

During inquiries at Cook, the Flying Doctor's plane was stolen. At Oodnadatta, an attempt was made on Dawn's life as she and Martin tried to trace the thief.

Dawn really joins Steve's expedition in the hope of tracking down Peter Holt. The party reaches Ayers Rock and, next morning, while Martin and Dawn are climbing the Rock, the stolen plane appears and attacks the camp.

Martin and Dawn scramble down to find nothing left but the embers of the campfire. NOW READ ON:

As he stared at the campfire ashes, Martin's despair was momentarily complete. Then he shook it off and called again: "Steve. Hey——"

This time he heard an answering call, and Steve came staggering out of one of the caves. He was hatless and he looked dazed.

Martin hurried to meet him. "Steve, are you all right?"

Steve stammered in bewilderment, "That plane was firing at us. He hit our camels."

"But are you hit?" Martin asked.

Steve seemed incapable of answering. He was saying to Dawn, "Why did they shoot at us, Miss Storey? What's the matter?"

Dawn shook her head, her eyes full of concern.

"Don't worry about it now, Steve," she said. "We're safe here and we've got to find Bill."

Martin took Steve's arm and led him back to the cave. The old man was badly shocked or had been hit somewhere. When they reached the cave he went over him thoroughly and found an ugly wound at the back of his head.

"Camel knocked me backwards on to a rock," Steve mumbled. "I crawled up here." He looked round him, still stunned. "Bill all right?"

"I'm going to look for him right now," Martin said. "Miss Storey will fix up your head. If the plane returns, get as far back in the caves as you can crawl." He looked at Dawn. "Will you get him some water?"

Steve said dully, "Ain't no water. The camels went bush."

"There's the soak," Martin said. Steve was pretty bad to have overlooked that. He started to move off. "Won't be long."

He crossed first to the dead camels. The stores they had been carrying had spilled and there were tinned meats, fruit, milk, and jam scattered among the spinifex, their bright labels looking gay—a picnic touch.

Martin thought grimly, there's plenty of tucker, anyway. And there's the soak. He was thinking then of a siege by air or by desert. The rifle and shotgun were not in the packs of the dead camels.

He continued on. The plane had disappeared. He could not hear it, either. If the crew were satisfied with their blitz and had returned to base it meant that all the camels had been shot. In which case, unless they meant to let the desert finish off what they had started, they would be along later on foot.

Where he had seen the plane rise would be the base. It was no walk from there.

Martin came across another dead camel farther along. Its pack was partly supplies and partly personal luggage, including the case in which had been packed the electroscope and other instruments.

He did not stop to investigate the extent of the damage done to them. It didn't matter now whether the electroscope was intact or smashed.

Although he cast far and wide, he found no more camels. Nor was there any sign of Bill. The sun was overhead when he returned to the old camp site. He felt tired.

Dawn had been busy during his absence carrying in the spilled gear. She had a billy boiling, a tin of bully beef ready to open, and the remains of the breakfast damper laid out. Steve was lying down at the back of the cave. Dawn said he was sleeping, and asked in a whisper, "Did you find Bill?"

Martin shook his head. "No sign."

She didn't say any more just then. She made the tea and opened the tin.

Martin felt better when he had eaten, and pulled out his pipe. He said, "I'll have to go back and take another look round. Bill could be lying injured somewhere."

Dawn said, "Steve was much better before he fell asleep. I told him who it was in the plane and what it's all about."

He blew smoke. "What is behind it all, anyway?" he asked quietly.

She stared at him. "Why, it's Peter Holt——"

"I mean, who are they attacking particularly now? You or me? And why?"

"I thought—well, that knife was aimed at me." She looked a bit disconcerted.

"Yes, I know," he agreed. "The knife was aimed at you. But why? I never stopped to ask myself before. Let's go over it now and see if we can make sense."

She said, turning her head away, "I suppose it's because—perhaps they think I might be a danger to them. Perhaps Peter Holt realised afterwards that I could tell the police things that would make it awkward for him, you know—" She stopped.

"A bit late now for him to get het-up over a point like that," Martin said, "but if you're right he's certainly sparing no effort to remedy the position." He shook his head definitely.

"I don't like that one, it doesn't make sense. I'm more inclined to think it's me he's after. Perhaps he's heard about the book of matches and reckons that as I'm the only person who can positively identify him and swear he was on the desert that night, I'm best out of the way."

She nodded quickly. "I like that one better," she admitted.

He knocked out his pipe. He said, "I've got to go looking for Bill, but I'm not happy about it. If they come while I'm away—" He shrugged. There was really nothing she could do.

"Better hole up somewhere fast if they come," he said harshly, getting to his feet.

She nodded. It gave him a tight feeling in his chest to think they might come while he was away. He didn't want to leave her, but if Bill were lying wounded among the spinifex somewhere he had to find him, he had to make sure.

He went south this time and made a wide sweep to the west looking for tracks, but he was all of five miles to the north-west before he found some. As far as he could judge there were six sets spread over a wide belt and all going the same way, north.

It was his deduction that after the camels had scattered following the first attack they had slowed to a walk and turned their heads north so that after a while their tracks had converged.

He followed them for a while, then, struck with the thought that Bill might be wounded but still capable of clinging to the saddle, he started to examine the ground more closely for spots of blood. His hunch paid off when he found a set with occasional blobs of blood at the fringes.

After that he kept to that particular set of tracks and late afternoon found him miles to the north and west of Ayers. When he looked back the Rock still loomed mountainously, but it was compact and lacked detail.

Martin lit his pipe and thought it out. If Bill was still in the saddle and moving, there wasn't much wrong with him. In the packs he would have all he wanted. He would have the guns, too. And being resourceful he might have decided to keep going until dark, secure the camels, and then return. Bill was no fool.

Martin turned back.

He was still some miles from the Rock when he saw the plane again, a speck making a low run over the target area. He stood for a moment watching, and then began to run, helplessly, cursing as he ran.

The plane had disappeared again before he stopped running. It had banked round the Rock and gone eastward. Martin stood panting, wet with sweat, not all from physical exertion. Then he started walking again.

Behind him the sun was going down, passing now behind some darkening clouds as it dropped. The breeze had died out and the customary humidity caused by Lake Amadeus had intensified. He was feeling the need of water.

Please turn to page 36

"You bin 'longa big water?" the native asked, grinning down shyly at Martin and Dawn.

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The Heartless MacDougals

By Pamela Hennell

WHEN Tim Reilly was drafted, you could hear all the Reillys for blocks crying and kissing and hollering over him. It was kind of embarrassing to watch—but still it was better than the way our family acted when my brother Freddy got his induction notice.

Freddy had already left that morning for his temporary job at the mill when I came down to breakfast. And there it was, lying under the door. To make sure, I furtively ripped a hole in the envelope and peered inside, just making out enough of the contents for it to make sense.

"Hey, look," I yelled as I held the letter up. "Freddy has to report to the Army in two weeks' time."

There was a crash of breaking china from the dining-room, where the rest of our family was eating breakfast. And then it got quiet. My throat lumpy, I went into the dining-room, all braced for the crying and hollering.

I might as well have been carrying the telephone bill for all the interest the family managed to show in it.

Mother's heels were just vanishing around the kitchen door. Grandpa, all hunched over, was intently mopping his table-napkin around his broken coffee cup. Dad remained hidden behind the front page of the "Cedarville News," only the top of his bald head showing.

But, of course, he usually stayed behind the paper at the breakfast table, although this time I noticed something silly about the way he was holding it. It was upside down.

My sister Sally, fingering her engagement ring, shoved back her chair. "Why should I postpone getting married until Tom thinks he's making enough?" she cried. "Now is the time for living!" And she ran out of the room in tears.

"Honestly!" I said, shocked. "Can you work that out—crying about getting married, right after I tell her about Freddy."

Dad, who is usually quiet and dignified because he's vice-president of the Cedarville Bank, slapped down his newspaper and shouted: "Joe, how many times have I told you not to make holes in other people's mail?"

His eyes fell on Mayor Duffy's picture on the front page of the paper and he burst into a new rage: "Look at that stupid, grinning Mayor's face! He's a disgrace. He's stalled on the new drainage system long enough!"

Still mumbling and muttering to himself, Dad got up, stumbled over his chair, and a few seconds later we heard the duco being scraped off as he drove out of the garage.

"What a sister and father to have!" I said coldly to Grandpa.

Grandpa gave me a sour, pitying kind of look. "I don't give a hoot what the Doc says," he quavered. "I'm going to have a beer on the way to work—two beers."

He dug into his pocket and came up with seven cents and stared at it, unbelievingly. "Seven cents—not even enough for one beer. And me working forty-six years for Harry Pugh."

He went shuffling out, and, believe it or not, was almost crying because he didn't have beer money!

I felt quite lonely for Freddy. Here he was, twenty years old, going into the Army—and everyone in the family, but me, interested only in their own petty problems.

Then I remembered Mother. She would care. I started for the kitchen, but before I'd taken two steps the kitchen door slammed back and Mother came in. She's a tiny little thing, always quiet and smiling, but now she looked grim. She marched past me to the sideboard and began tossing everything out.

"Mum," I said, "about Freddy—"

"I can't talk to you now, Joe, I'm busy," Mother snapped. "I'm going to spring-clean the whole house to-day." She must have swallowed some dust, because she choked. "And I don't want you underfoot. Take the grocery and meat list and leave it at Mr. Pinto's."

She backed away from the sideboard, her eyes snapping. "And you tell Mr. Pinto I want a good roast to-day. His prices are outrageous. Tell him I'm going to another butcher if he doesn't improve!"

Mr. Pinto didn't take Mother's message well at all. At first he wouldn't believe she had said it. "Not your mother, Joe—not that sweet Mrs. MacDougal. Is she ill?"

"She's spring-cleaning, although I always thought women did that in the spring — not in the summer, which is now. But on top of that, to have her start doing it to-day of all ——" But Mr. Pinto didn't give me a chance.

"When even Mrs. MacDougal turns against me," he snarled. "I'm sick of women complaining. Tell your mother to go to another butcher!"

He practically shoved me outside, with no meat and no groceries. Humilitated, I got on my bike.

As I passed the City Hall I was just in time to see Dad emerging, still red in the face. Mayor Duffy waddled out right behind him, waving his arms and talking. From across the street I couldn't hear much, except a few swear words.

And then the Mayor, who has been Dad's friend since boyhood, gave Dad a shove. Dad gladly turned around and shoved him back.

The next thing, a crowd had gathered. I pedalled away from there fast, hoping no one would notice me. My dad, at his age, fighting in public over the drainage system—instead of sorrowing over his oldest son being drafted!

Going past Harry Pugh's cabinet shop, where Grandpa worked, I cast a mean look inside, hating the whole family. And there on a bench by the window was Grandpa, laid out like a corpse. Dr. Dickey was bending over him, with old Harry Pugh watching.

I ran in. "What's happened?" I asked, scared of what they might answer.

Mr. Pugh twisted around, his face swelling. "That's what I'd like to know! For no reason, he came stomping in here, yelling he didn't even have beer money on the salary I paid him. Said I was a miserly old skinflint. Me, who pays as good wages as anyone in town!"

Dr. Dickey straightened up from listening to Grandpa's heart.

"Nothing serious—just too much emotion at his age," he said. "I'll drive him home." He helped Grandpa totter to his feet and I got on the other side. As we left, Mr. Pugh hollered, "He can stay home! No one calls he a skinflint. He's fired!"

After Dr. Dickey drove off with Grandpa, I went to the swimming hole for the rest of the day, completely forgetting the meat and grocery order. I was so ashamed of the family's lack of interest in Freddy that all I wanted was to get as far away from them as possible.

It was five-thirty when I went home. All the family, except Freddy, were in the living-room, just sitting around.

Dad's left eye was swollen and he winced every time he shifted in his chair. Grandpa was lying on the sofa, a cold cloth on his head.

The house was all upset, rugs rolled back, the furniture misplaced, and Mother was collapsed on the couch.

Halfway through the cleaning she had fallen down the back steps, while carrying out some rubbish, and sprained her right arm. Sally was over by the window, crying—her third finger, left hand, bare.

"Be quiet, Sally," Dad said in a dead voice. "You can apologise and explain to Tom what made you blow up and insist on getting married to-day. He'll forgive you for throwing your ring in his face when he refused."

He shifted in his chair and groaned. "It won't be as easy for your mother to win her old butcher back, for Grandpa to get his job back—or for me to make friends with Mayor Duffy again."

Just then we heard Freddy whistling, and the front door slammed. The whistling stopped abruptly as he halted by the hall table, where his induction notice was lying. A minute later he appeared in the living-room doorway.

"Well, I see I finally got it," he said, grinning. He looked around the family and his grin faded. "You all look sort of strange. I hope getting my induction notice didn't upset you."

There was a long, strained silence. And then Dad straightened painfully, one hand going up to shadow his bad eye. Grandpa feebly struggled up to a sitting position, clawing the cold cloth off his forehead. Sally furtively wiped her eyes, and when she turned around she was smiling gaily. Mother went over to Freddy and, holding her swollen arm behind her, gave him a carefree kiss.

"Why, no, son," Dad said hoarsely; "we knew you wouldn't want us to make a fuss. It—it didn't upset us a bit."

See what I mean about our family? Just no emotions at all.

(Copyright)

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

"Hey, look!" I yelled as I held the letter up. "Freddy has to report to the Army in two weeks' time."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4388222

The Wrong

NOTHING in particular woke Dick Holmes — nothing but the fact it was time to get up. He woke to the snow-falling silence of a Canadian winter morning, an empty pillow beside him, and an empty Saturday morning in a second empty wintertime.

He closed his eyes again, trying to get back to the halfway place between waking and sleeping where he could hope to wait for a limp hand to touch him and a tired voice to say, "Dick, isn't it time to get up?" and to hear again, in his own house, his son's "Come on, Dad; fight me!" and that gentle little-girl voice asking, "Daddy, are we going to town to-day?" But there was no getting back. Irene was dead, the children lived with his parents, and he was alone on the farm.

Dick got out of bed. The quiet, asking emptiness outside answered that in his heart. He went quickly into the sitting-room to dress by the slightly warm stove. Then, without stopping to rake out the ashes and add coal, he carried the lamp out to the cold kitchen.

Once, to build the kitchen fire and get coffee and porridge started on a cold morning had been good: he used to whistle softly as he did it, and then tiptoe when he brought Irene her cup of coffee in bed. For a long time now, to get the morning meal for himself had been no good at all. He didn't see how he was to go on with it, morning after morning, through the tail end of winter, even, without the hope of something a little like it used to be ahead of him.

Gyp scratched at the door, and Tom, the cat, sent up his demanding howl when they heard the sounds of stove lid and kitchen pump. Dick set the kettle over the now roaring fire and went to let them in.

He slapped the dog's back and ducked his shoulders for the cat to jump up for his morning greeting, and said, "Well, boys, it's a sorry day when a man has to be as glad as I am to see the likes of you. I'm fed up with it. I want the kids home here. I want some talk, real cooking, and things going on in this house. I tell you, I'm going to marry!"

Dick brought his fist down in his palm. The cat leaped from his shoulder to land in Irene's little chair and set it a-rock, and the dog barked twice and ran round the table.

"When?" Dick demanded for them. "Very soon! Who? One of the Rowland girls, that's who. Jane, or Vi. Viola . . . that's a pretty name. So's Jane too. Both nice girls! Good cooks! Pretty. Yes, I'll ask her, soon as I make up my mind which one. Suit you fellows?"

The cat arched his back and reached a long forepaw in a swipe at the dog, and was promptly pulled under the table for his morning romp. It seemed to Dick that Gyp laughed sometimes when he told him things, and that the cat listened, though he never cared much. That's what came of loneliness.

"Make a hermit of me, that's what it'll do," he told himself. "Why, I've got a good mind to go and see the folks and the children, and go on over there to Rowlands' to-day. No, I can do that right off. That's what this kind of life has done to me — made me want to rush things. But I'll ride over to the folks and tell Mother about this. Want to go, too, Gyp?"

The dog rocked to and fro on his four white paws and whined his accord. Dick threw his work glove at the cat and said, "You stay at home, Tom. Keep an eye on things."

Dick found himself liking the slow going between the covered fields where the undrifted snow was kindly half true to contour of hillock and field. Grey-green pussywillows and the flash of bright wing above the black water of the creek reminded him that it should, by rights, have been the first good rain of spring.

Dick smiled to think of his mother's face when he should tell her that he was going to court one of the Rowland girls. She would be glad. She liked all the Rowlands — the girls' aunt, Libby, particularly. She had often said to him, "You're lucky, Dick, to have children going to school to Libby. She's a fine teacher and she loves children . . . yours especially."

Of course, Dick told himself as he rode along, he couldn't be sure one of the Rowland girls would have him. He was a good ten years older than Vi, and he and Libby had taught them both to walk. They were young and had unencumbered men interested in them both, he knew.

But at least his place was his own, unmortgaged—a good farm, the house a snug one. Viola was teaching her first year in town, doing light housekeeping with Jane, who worked in the bank. He saw them at church when they came out for week-ends with their folks.

When he came near his old home

With a sudden shock, Dick realised that Libby loved him.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4388223

Woman

By DOROTHY THOMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY BROADHURST

Dick saw his children coasting on their sledge down the slope. "Hallo, Dad!" Bill yelled, and ran down to him. As always, Dick saw himself in the boy and was glad.

Rose stayed where she was, her mittened hands tucked under her arms, and waited for him. What was it his father had said about her? "She's such a quiet child; you think when she does open her mouth butterflies, not words, will come out."

Dick took his foot from the stirrup and swung the boy up to stand beside him and then the girl.

"You've grown," he said. "I don't like it, to miss whole weeks of you."

Mrs. Holmes appeared at the kitchen door and called, "Hallo, son! Come in! Bill will take your horse!"

"Can't we have Roan to pull our sledge?" Bill asked.

"All right," Dick said, after an asking glance towards his mother. "But keep out of the road; the snow-plough will be along soon."

He swung them both down and dismounted.

"How have you been?" he asked his mother as he went into the house.

"Oh, so-so," she said. "I'm so thankful the snow's let up. Bill, indoors, is enough to drive anybody wild."

Dick slapped her shoulder affectionately. He knew well that she was as short on patience as she was long on loving good works. "Where's Dad?" he asked.

"Down at the barn, taking the tractor to pieces. Warns me to keep Bill away, so that nothing'll be misplaced." She laughed and slid the coffee pot to the front of the range.

"I'll go down in a minute," Dick said. "What's baking?"

"Cinnamon rolls. But I'll not let you spoil your dinner on them! I'll sit down and have a cup of coffee with you, though. What brought you over, a day like this? I see in your eyes there's something."

After he had drunk deeply of the coffee, Dick leaned his chair back, balancing it on its back legs, looked across it at his mother and said, "I'm thinking about marrying again."

She set down her cup and reached to lay her hand over his in a strong glad clasp. "Good!" she said.

"Well, aren't you surprised?" he asked.

"Not very. Who's she to be? Anyone we know?"

"Yes. Can't you guess?"

"Yes. I should after last Sunday and the way you eyed the Rowland girls, looking across to their pew in the choir! Jane or Vi, I take it. You've always been too used to her for it to be Libby, more's the pity! Well, which?"

"That's it," he said. "They don't get over here often. Pretty much a boss up, isn't it?"

"Yes, guess it is. Dick, if you're thinking of this to make a home for the children, take your time. They're fine here, with Libby's help at school. There's just one good reason for marrying, son—because there's someone you can't keep house without."

"That's right," Dick agreed. "But that's not likely to happen twice in a lifetime. It's just . . . too lonely. I thought I might decide, and start going over there some time this spring. They don't, either, go with anyone steady, do they?"

"No, not so far as I know. Son, it couldn't, could it, be Libby you'd settle on wanting?"

"You said that before or something like it," he said, and shook his head. "No, mother, it's not possible. And if she was ever going to marry, Libby'd have married when the rest of us her age did. For my part, I'm glad she didn't. I like my kids going to school to her. She's a real friend—one to count on—but more like a relative. The girls are as nice, young and pretty to boot!"

"She's not what I'd call plain, Libby's not!" Mrs. Holmes bristled.

"No, nor pretty, either, though she's nice enough looking, I suppose. That's neither here nor there; I'm not asking Libby. But, you know, I had to think of her when I saw the kids with their sledge. Remember how Libby and I used to slide there?"

"Do I? And if she wasn't over here, you were down at their place. Rose is about the size she was, and Bill as big as you were, when she came here to live with her brother. She's only a year or two older than you, isn't she, Dick?"

"Oh, let's see," he said, looking up at the ceiling and thinking back. "She was in the third form when I started in school. That makes her three years older, doesn't it? Though I think she started younger. What's the difference?"

"None," she said. They were quiet a little, Dick remembering how Libby had gone up to his wife, that first Sunday after church, put her arm round her and said, "We want you to feel at home here."

It had been more than his kinswomen and neighbors had done. It had not set well in the community, his going into town to pick a wife and choosing so delicate though lovely a girl. And Libby had come over, bringing nice gifts, when the babies came, and other times to help Irene with sewing and bottling when she wasn't well.

Dick's mother looked out across the sweep of snow towards the grove that hid the Rowland place, and then leaned to him, across the table, and said, her eyes very bright. "Why not go over there now? Just to say hallo? There's time before dinner."

"Now?" he asked, startled. "No. I'm not dressed up."

"What of it? You've a clean shirt on. You look fine. Go on!"

"It's Saturday——" he began.

"And what a Saturday! Not a day to go out in! You didn't see any tracks ahead of you, did you?" She got up and went to open the oven door and took up a pan of cinnamon rolls. She quickly lifted the rolls from the pan on to a large tea-towel and caught up the corners to tie them together.

"Here, take these along," she said excitedly. "Can't send you empty-handed, so near dinner-time. If you're asked—and you will be—stay to dinner!"

"Here, whoa!" Dick shook his head and grinned at her. "There's no fire, Mother. Am I to make up my mind, ask the girl and have her set the date, before I can come back for my dinner?"

"I told you, stay to dinner. If you're pressed to stay."

Dick let his chair down slowly, got to his feet, and came around the table to his mother, and with a level look into her shining eyes said: "I don't know if it's fair, when you come right down to it, for me to think of asking one of those girls. Kind of cold-blooded. No matter how I might make her feel towards me, if I started going with one of them steady. I'd never feel towards her or anybody the way I felt about Irene, mother. That's hardly the way to treat a young girl who'd want—have the right to expect—everything."

"It's like you to think of that," she said. "You have a point there. Girls are romantic—full of notions and yearnings for they don't know what. Now if—" She closed her lips on what she was about to say and began again. "Just go on over there, pass the time of day, as though that was what you'd come for. Do I have to shove you out of the door?"

"No. I'm just not sure, now we've brought it out in the open, that I want to start this."

His mother caught up the edges of her apron, stretched it wide and brought it down against her sharply. "All right," she cried in her quick impatience, "put it off! Wait! Wait to plough, to plant! Put up hay, harvest, thresh, pick corn! See another winter come and you alone there, talking to an old tomcat, half the buttons off your clothes! Dick, go and put your father's good sweater on! No, don't. Wear this sorry thing and . . . let her see how you need her!"

"I do need her . . . need a wife!" Dick said. "And the kids need her! All right, I'll go!"

"Good!" she said. "Here, take the rolls!"

Dick turned when he reached the roadway to wave to his children, and to call, his hand cupped to his mouth. "Tell Grandpa I'll be back soon! Going over to the Rowlands!"

Once started, Dick was glad to be on his way, to get this thing going before he got busy with spring work. Vi had looked pretty sitting in the choir on Sunday. He had thought of her many times: the way she put up both hands to stifle a yawn, like a kid; the way her hair curled about her ears; and the way she crossed her trim ankles. Her voice was nice, too. He could have Irene's piano tuned, and in the evenings they could stand about it and sing, the four of them.

Or was it Jane who played the piano? He thought of Jane as he had seen her last Saturday in town. He had gone into the bank with the children, and there she was, behind the brass bars, leaning, dimpling with smiles, to speak to the children. Jane, Libby had told him once, had a head for figures, knew how to save without being stingy. He was like his father — hard-working, but not too practical about money matters. A girl like Jane——. Certainly she was the prettier of the two, if there was a choice, and so merry. With Jane, a man could laugh.

There was no path broken from the Rowland house to the road. Smoke came from the kitchen chimney; the storm was over now. What good times he had had in that kitchen when he was a boy—he and Libby.

There had never been any nonsense about Libby. She never pouted, got peeved or was coy, like other girls. She made no demands and asked no favors; wouldn't let him lean on her, either. Well, a firm hand and a warm heart made for good teaching.

Now the Rowland dog did not know him, had grown from a pup since he had knocked at that kitchen door, and growled questioningly. Libby opened the door for him.

"Well, for goodness' sakes!" she gasped, and blushed. "Dick Holmes! Come in!" The blush was for her hair, that she had just washed and was drying. It was chestnut-colored hair, loose, and gently waving.

"Libby," Dick asked, "how many verses did that piece have—the long angel one you spoke to us shepherds the night you lost a wing? The way you went right on to the end with that wing adrag was something."

"Eleven," she laughed. "Did my hair, down like this, make you remember that Christmas pageant? . . . Here! Let me brush the snow off you!"

The girls and their parents, he supposed, were somewhere about, upstairs or down. But he had seen smoke from only one chimney, and there was no sound of voice or step.

Libby raised her arms to put back her hair with a grace good to see. "It will be dry enough to put up soon," she said. "I was drying it here at the stove." Now she saw the bundle he had put down on the kitchen table.

"What's this?" she asked.

"Cinnamon rolls mother sent you."

"How nice! Sent you wading through all this snow to bring them?"

Jane and Viola, both young and pretty. There was little to choose between them.

"I was glad to come," he said. "Where's everybody?"

"In town. They phoned, you know, to the schoolhouse yesterday afternoon before the lines were down, to say it was snowing hard there, and that, if I could manage, they'd stay in." She waved towards the whiteness outside, and laughed.

"And you did all the work last night and this morning, too, alone?"

"There's little to do," she said, and motioned him to bring up a chair to the other side of the stove. "We're milking only two cows now. I don't recall that I was ever in this house alone overnight before. This morning, making a path to the barn, I felt like Robinson Crusoe snowbound."

"If he'd known, Dad would have been over with Bill to help you. How's Bill doing in school?"

"Very well," she said. "He gave Jimmy Lawler a black eye. Did your mother tell you?"

"No," he said, and smiled. "I hope he had it coming . . . Jimmy had."

"Yes, he had it coming," she said, and more softly and with a certain shyness: "Rose is no ordinary child, Dick. She has a wonderful imagination that I think your mother, in her matter of fact way, doesn't entirely appreciate."

"How do you mean, imagination?" he asked, leaning forward to rest his elbows on his knees. "She's truthful, isn't she?"

"Yes, absolutely. But when she reads aloud she's like no other child I've ever had in school. Reading about a princess, say, or the ugly duckling, or a day in June, she is that princess, that lorn little duck, that sunny day! I mean, she feels everything!"

"She came by it honestly," he said gently. "Irene was like that."

"Yes, she was. She had more feeling than anyone I've ever known, I believe. Rose is very like her."

Please turn to page 52

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Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 46 — April 16, 1952

GENEROUS MOVE BY AMERICA

AUSTRALIA will welcome the abolition of the double taxation imposed on earnings here and in the U.S.

Such an agreement, whereby money can be taxed only once and in the country where it was earned, already exists between Australia and Britain.

The double taxation rate between Australia and the U.S. has meant, for instance, that an Australian who publishes a book in the U.S. loses just three-quarters of his earnings in dues paid to the American and Australian Treasuries.

This is a minor and individual instance.

Australian investments and earnings in the U.S. are negligible. But America holds Australian assets nominally worth £A80,600,000.

American companies' dividends in Australia come to near £A3,000,000 a year.

With the abolition of double taxation, Australia will still get its cut out of these profits.

The move will make dollar investment in Australia more attractive. It should also encourage American artists to visit here.

While better commercial relations between the two countries are in the interests of the U.S. as well, Americans stand to lose far more by the arrangement.

It is in line with the goodwill Americans have consistently shown towards Australians, which — so their Ambasador here says — is a legacy of Australian hospitality during World War II.

The move is generous, to say the least.

OUR COVER

. . . shows Pierre Balmain's maize-colored Persian lamb coat worn over a grey wool frock. The hat is of maize satin. Balmain is showing Persian lamb in several pastel shades. Other pictures from the Paris spring collections are on pages 16 and 17.

This week:

● When staff photographer Ron Berg and reporter Sheila Patrick went in search of a "Bull's-eye view of the Show" (page 13), they had to explain the idea to some of their camera subjects. Ron wanted a picture of the wife of the Shorthorn cattle judge, Mr. Clinton K. Tomson, of Chicago, as she would look to the champion when she put the ribbon round his neck. "Pretend I'm the animal," said Ron to Mrs. Tomson, who obligingly threw the ribbon towards the camera. All in all they had an adventurous morning's work, and we think you'll like the results on page 13.

● Our opening short story this week on page 3, "Reflected Glory," is by the well-known British playwright Roland Pertwee. Pertwee, once an actor, has been writing plays since 1913. "Interference," which he wrote in 1927 with Harold Dearden, is probably one of the best known. "Pink String and Sealing Wax" (1943) was played in Australia, and was also filmed. He has also written a number of film scripts as well as novels and short stories.

● The painting which won this year's Blake Art Prize and three other entries in the competition are shown on page 19. Fourteen of the 50 paintings hung in Sydney will be exhibited at the Melbourne Art Gallery from May 15. The Melbourne Art Gallery has a fine collection of the drawings and paintings of William Blake, 18th-century painter and poet after whom the Prize is named.

Next week:

● Color features in our next issue include a series of pictures of the diamond mines at Kimberley, South Africa, taken by Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lyons, of Port Kembla, N.S.W., during their recent tour of Africa. They were given facilities to take the pictures by De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd., the company formed by Cecil Rhodes in 1888.

BOOK REVIEW

HEAR THIS WOMAN! — THE DARK MOMENT

FAITH HOLMES was not really bad.

But when trained investigators trailed her they uncovered a sordid record.

This was splendid ammunition for her enemies and those she was trying to expose as national traitors and parasites on society.

In this spicy, tightly written novel "Hear This Woman!" Ben and Ann Pinchot tell the story of a life behind a career. It is the story of why a woman left home, of how she fought her way to national prominence, and why many followed her devotedly and others hated her.

It is a story of what the investigators found—and the true story that only Faith herself knew.

The main weakness of the generally well-told tale lies in the authors' inability to convince the reader that it was feasible for Faith, who had fought so hard to marry the man she loved, even to the extent of sacrificing her mother's sanity, to leave him when she did.

When her husband got into financial difficulties, she left him and was seen about with his best friend, and she was later blamed for this man's accidental death.

Re-marrying, she also left her second husband.

That was part of the story unearthed by the investigators, but they failed to find the true story of Faith Holmes, nor did they realise that they had overlooked the one fact that might have silenced her.

—**Betty Best**

"Hear This Woman!" is published by Shakespeare Head Press.

ANN BRIDGE has always made a feature of providing interesting foreign backgrounds for her novels, and with the most happy results has already taken readers to China, Spain, and Dalmatia.

The background she has chosen this time is Turkey in the last days of the Ottoman Empire, and in the early years of its reshaping as a modern State after World War I.

The story's dual heroines are Feride, a girl of the Turkish aristocracy, and Fanny, an English orphan who is taken to Turkey each summer by her Oxford-professor uncle.

The early chapters are filled with enchanting detail of the old Turkish upper-class way of family life.

Fanny's summer visits are brought to a stop by the outbreak of World War I, and it is not until she and Feride are both grown-up and Feride is married to a favored aide to Mustafa Kemal that the two friends meet again.

Through her Fanny meets and falls in love with Mustafa Kemal, the country's new, dynamic head of State.

Here the book suffers a deterioration from which it never quite recovers. Regrettably, somewhere over the years Miss Bridge has become just a little novelettish.

—**Ainslie Baker**

"The Dark Moment" is published by Chatto and Windus. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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A good wool topcoat is a first-rate investment. It is the most essential item in every man's Autumn-Winter wardrobe . . . not only for warmth and well-being . . . but for the well-dressed appearance that aids a career. No topcoat, or a shabby, too-short topcoat, stamps the careless dresser as clearly as down-at-heel shoes. The ideal wardrobe contains a light proofed wool gabardine, a sturdy tweed and a plain dark wool topcoat for formal occasions. You need all three . . . but you can't do without a proofed gabardine or a tweed.

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Inserted by The Australian Wool Board.

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depends a lot on ***TODAY...***

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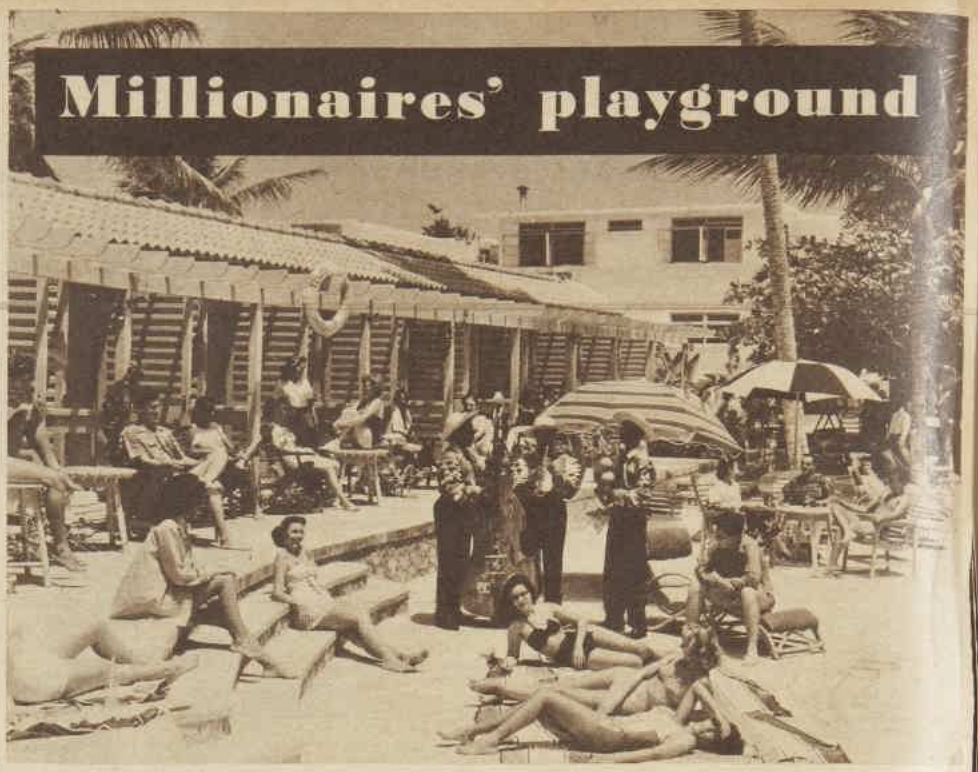
Millionaires' playground



THE CABANA CLUB beside the swimming-pool at the Tower Island Hotel, Jamaica, haunt of millionaires. In the foreground are the Tower Islanders, a native orchestra, who, with calypso singers, entertain visitors.

Mayfair and Park Avenue meet on West Indies beach

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

After a fortnight's holiday on the silver sands of Montego Bay beach, the new Riviera on the West Indies island of Jamaica, I wondered who could possibly be spending the winter season at Cannes, the Lido, or St. Moritz this year.

PRACTICALLY everybody—everybody who counts in Mayfair or Park Avenue society, that is—seemed to be taking the sun at Doctor's Cave Beach, the focal point of fashionable life at Montego Bay.

There were as many English titles on the tiny strip of white sand as there were striped umbrellas. Among the celebrities were Lord and Lady Wiseman, Lady Pamela Bird, the Earl and Countess Beatty, and Lord Beaverbrook's granddaughter, Lady Jean Campbell.

The Beaver himself, who now delights in the unofficial title "the Mogul of Montego," had just left his lovely hillside home, Cromarty, a few miles above the bay, for a brief visit to his other winter home at Nassau, Bahamas.

Noel Coward and his current house guests, the Lunts and Beatrice Lillie, were taking in the sun a few miles down the northern Jamaica coast at Coward's home, near Ocho Rios. Captain Molyneux and guests, Merle Oberon and Florence Desmond, relaxed at his new villa on Miranda Hill.

American notables far outnumbered the English because it is mainly the free-spending American tourist who has transformed Jamaica in the past few years into a serious threat to Nassau and Bermuda as a fashionable West Indies resort.

When I was in Jamaica the American contingent included Jennifer Jones and her Hollywood producer-husband, David Selznick; Stuart Symington and his wife; dancer Irene Castle; and New York Times publisher Arthur Hayes Sulzberger.

Jockeys for Winston Churchill and the Aga Khan—Tommy Gosling and Charles Smirke—were also in evidence, indicating that Australian horsemen are not the only ones who can afford luxury living.

Twenty-five years ago Montego Bay was an obscure fishing village and sugar-cane shipping centre on the north-west coast.

To-day it is a smart suburb of New York and London, linked by direct airliner from its own airport with America and Europe, and boasting some of the finest luxury hotels in the world.

The newest, most expensive, and most American of the hotels is the Montego Beach.

The daily tariff there during the "high season," from January to April, is a cool £25.

A masterly use of publicity has helped develop Montego Beach into another Riviera.

While I was there a party of international tennis stars were entertained.

They included American stars Dick Savitt, Budge Patty, Patricia Canning Todd, and Althea Gibson; the English Wightman Cup players Pat Ward and Helen Fletcher; and the Canadian Davis Cup players Brendan Macken and Lorne Main.

Celebrated names in the colorful history of Jamaica are those of Lord Nelson and Sir Henry Morgan, the pirate.

The guide at Port Royal's ancient fort told a Nelson yarn certainly not recorded in my school history books.

A marble tablet at the fort is inscribed: "In this place dwelt Horatio Nelson. You who tread in his footsteps remember his glory."

The guide, a very old and very black man who spoke in the typical calypso accents of Jamaica, pointed to three white crosses set in the wall nearby.

"This one is May, this one is Lucy, and this one is Jane," he intoned in a half-singing falsetto. "They were three young ladies who followed Lord Nelson out from England when he came here as a young officer and they became his sweethearts.

"When Lord Nelson returned to England after he became ill of malaria, he thought it would make trouble for him that he had three sweethearts at once. So he had them shot. He ordered them buried in unmarked graves with just their crosses."

The American tourists listening to this tale appeared to take it quite literally.

MONTEGO BEACH, where millionaires and world figures sunbake or swim in the clear water of the Caribbean Sea, near one of the luxury hotels—the Casa Blanca.

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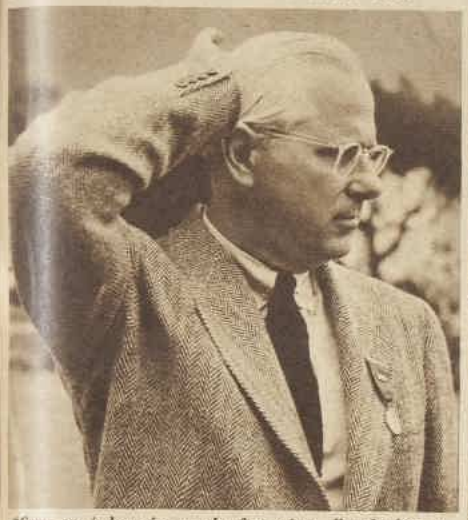
Bull's-eye view of the Royal Show

● We took a bull's-eye view of the Shorthorn cattle judging at the Royal Show, and this is what the Show looks like to a bull. The bull we chose is no ordinary hunk of beef. He is champion Shorthorn, R.A.S., 1952. His name is Woomargama Paladin from Albury, N.S.W. He's as big as two grand pianos, weighs nearly 2000lbs., and has a glossy coat the color of dark toffee. His eyes are like liquid amber, he has curls on his forehead, and we called him Junior because he's only a youngster. U.S. cattle judge Clinton Tomson said Junior was one of the finest Shorthorns ever.



"Come on, judge, give me the first prize. I'm the biggest and best you've seen. My boss says I'm priceless."

"Ahhhh, I thought she was going to kiss me, but it's only the pretty wife of the judge giving me my first-prize ribbon."

"There they go again, flashing all those little lights in my eyes. Wish I were back home where I know everyone and people don't stare so."

"Some kids poke you with sticks, but he looks a nice little chap."

"People, people, people, all staring at me. Some of those chaps look like the folk at home. But that was a bit thick, that fellow saying they feed me on milk to make me fat. I like that. Fancy a beast of my pedigree drinking milk. Well, only a little, now and then."

"Thank goodness! Here is my pal to make up my bed for me."

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LIPSTICK

Super-Indelible

and 'STAYS ON LONGER'

Be lovelier instantly, stay lovelier longer when you dress your lips in Michel's *Super Indelible* colour. Michel has always had an indelible base as part of its exclusive formula . . . that's why it really '*Stays on Longer!*' This indelible base does not harm the most sensitive skin. Michel is a *firmer* lipstick made specially for the Australian climate . . . it will not smear or run nor have the slightest drying effect on your lips.

With colour that '*Stays on Longer*' Michel has the exclusive perfume you love . . . elusive, provocative, the very breath of romance. Wear Michel *always* — apply it according to instructions, whichever way you prefer.

TWO WAYS TO APPLY YOUR Michel LIPSTICK

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Dry your lips with a tissue. Then apply Michel Lipstick, warming it for a few seconds on your lips because, remember, it's a *firmer* lipstick made to 'Stay on Longer'. Very gently press your lips with tissue to remove excess lipstick. Moisten your lips and presto! You're lovelier . . . with '*Super-Indelible*' Michel colour.

FOR Indelibility and Lustre

Dry the lips with tissue. Apply Michel Lipstick, warming it on your lips first. Michel strokes on smoothly and evenly to give a radiant, satin finish. Moisten your lips for that dewy Michel lustre that looks so luscious and tempting.

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EQUESTRIENNES. Leslie Baillieu, of "Tongy," Cassilis (left) and Sarah Hordern at the Show. Sarah rode her horse Satari in several events. Sarah's father, Mr. Sam Hordern, is ringmaster at the Royal Sydney Show.

SHIPBOARD BALL. Pam McCathie (left), Graham Nock, and secretary of the ball committee, Elayne Walker Smith, on the deck of the Italian liner Neptunia during the Town and Country Ball. Sir Claude and Lady Plowman and Captain Andrietta of the Neptunia received the guests. Proceeds are for the Smith Family.

AMERICAN VISITORS Mr. and Mrs. Clinton K. Tomson, of Chicago (right), with Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Killen, of "Stranraer," Cowra, at the buffet dinner given by the New South Wales branch of the Australian Shorthorn Society at the Pickwick Club. Mr. Tomson is judging shorthorn and poll shorthorn cattle at the Show.

Social Gottings

PROVIDING the grand finale to a busy Easter programme, the 1952 Yearling Sales, scheduled to begin on April 15, are a "must" for both expert and amateur judges of thoroughbred horseflesh.

If the weather man is kind, Good Friday and Easter Sunday will again be popular days for prospective buyers and their families to look over this year's colts and fillies at William Inglis' Newmarket stables before the sales begin.

On each of the four days of the sales, Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Point will be keen spectators as yearlings from their stud, Sledmere, Scone, come under the hammer of auctioneer Reg Inglis. Mrs. Point is selling two bay colts herself, and her two daughters, Mrs. Bruce Trenerry, of Sydney, and Mrs. Jim Hudson, now living in Singapore, are selling a chestnut colt between them.

At the sales with the Points will be Colonel and Mrs. A. G. Morris and their daughter Peggy, who have just returned in the Oronsay from a trip abroad.

Others who will have yearlings up for sale will be the Frank Thompsons, of Widden Stud, Muswellbrook; the Peter Whites, of Havilah, Mudgee; and the Stanley Cricks, of Point Piper.

• • •

KEEN competitor in riding events at the Show is Noeline MacDonald, of "Rossville," Goulburn, who is taking time off from her third year of nursing at St. George's Hospital, Kogarah. When she has finished her training, Noeline will have the thrill of a holiday with her uncle and aunt, Bill and Maxine MacDonald, on their property, Fossil Downs, in the Kimberleys, W.A.

WATCHING the cattle-judging and sales at the Show must be thirsty work if the number of cups of tea consumed daily by tireless spectators is any indication. Old hands come armed with vacuum flasks, and when they run dry there are constant adjournments to the refreshment stand.

• • •

WOMEN almost outnumbered the menfolk round the ring as wives, daughters, and friends gathered to watch. "Regulars" were Mrs. Lionel Weatherby, from Camperdown, Victoria, whose husband is representing the Colly Creek Estate; Mrs. Robert Tout, of "Wambanumba." Young, and her two schoolboy sons, 11-year-old Leslie and nine-year-old John, who have no difficulty in enjoying themselves at the Show; Mrs. Clive Clark, of "Dropmore," Seymour, Victoria, who takes a keen and knowledgeable interest in her husband's Aberdeen Angus entries; South Australians Mrs. John Parker and her daughters Ann and Mary, from Old Canowie Stud, Hallett, who support the poll shorthorn section.

• • •

PRETTY young Easter hostess is Ann Hegarty, of "Strathlea," Cannamulla, Qld., who will wear a frock of shell-pink net and pink and silver brocade when she entertains 50 friends at the Pickwick Club on Saturday, April 19, on her 21st birthday.

ABERDEEN ANGUS Wambanumba Uther, owned by Mr. Robert Tout, of "Wambanumba," Young, is admired by fifth-year Veterinary Science students Joan Kater (left) and Margaret Wilson at the Royal Show.

POLO AT AUSTRAL. Enthusiastic barrackers at the County Polo Club's carnival at Austral were Mrs. Dudley O'Bree, of Kingsford (left), and Mrs. Dick Kelly and Bess Kelly, of Boorooma. The three-day carnival was held at "Tingewick," the property of Mr. John Dudley, president of the club.

DOWN for the Show and a wedding to follow are Toby and Jill McDairmid, of "Burra," Queanbeyan, who will attend the wedding of Jill's brother, David Younger, to Rachel Williams on April 17 at St. Mark's, Darling Point. David is the only son of Mr. Keith Younger, of Kirribilli, and the late Mrs. Younger. Next to the bride-to-be, the most excited person in the Williams household is her schoolgirl sister, Alison, who will be bridesmaid. The reception will be held at the Bellevue Hill home of their parents, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Dudley Williams.

• • •

JUST missing out on her annual Show visit is Mrs. W. H. Kendall, of "Pax," Wagga, who with her husband and son Phillip have sailed in the Oronsay. Elder daughter, Val, is waiting for them in London. Friends from The Rock and Wagga wished the Kendalls bon voyage at a garden party at "Pax" before they sailed.

NEWS of Richard and Raine Lapage, who are in Nairobi, is brought to Sydney by Richard's mother, Mrs. C. H. Lapage. Mrs. Lapage is staying with her elder son and daughter-in-law, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. John Lapage, of Double Bay. "Richard and Raine have a bungalow, which they practically built themselves, about five miles from Nairobi," Mrs. Lapage told me. "They also have a lovely garden." Their son, Timothy, is now two years old.

• • •

WHILE waiting for building to begin on their future home at "Kanowie," Audo, engaged couple Ken Walcott and Margaret Gillan are improving the shining hour by drawing up a blueprint for an appropriate garden setting for the homestead. They have already started putting their plans into operation by planting cypress and cedar trees along the drive. Margaret and Ken have chosen St. Thomas', North Sydney, for their wedding, but have not decided on a definite date yet. Margaret will be coming to Sydney in May from her home, "Willow Vale," Bombala, for fittings and trousseau shopping.

• • •

WHEN newly married country couple Kevin and Mary D'Arcy arrive in England after the first part of their honeymoon tour in Canada, they will have a happy reunion with two of Mary's sisters, Mrs. Ken Etheridge, who lives in Surrey, and Pat Tarlinton, who is nursing at the Gordon Hospital, London. Mary, who is the sixth daughter of the J. H. Tarlintons, of "Woodburn," Cobargo, and Kevin will spend four months abroad touring England and the Continent before returning in the Strathnaver. They will then make their home on Kevin's property, Daisybank, Bega.

Anne

WED AT ST. MARK'S. James Bowes and his bride, formerly Jill Rockingham, only child of Mrs. F. Davies, of Double Bay, and the late Mr. P. Rockingham.

AT THE RACES. Mrs. H. C. Beckett (left) and Mrs. W. G. English were among smart racegoers at Randwick last Saturday. Mrs. Beckett wore a vivid green plush hat with her mid-grey suit, and Mrs. English added a scarlet hat to her black suit.

EX-STUDENTS' BALL. Pretty lasses Mary de Salis (left) and Judy King were among the guests at the annual ball given by the Ascham Old Girls' Union at the Trocadero. Headmistress of Ascham, Miss D. Whitehead, was the guest of honor.

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PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE *Paris Collections*

★ Direct from the Paris spring collections come seven trend - setting fashions. All were created by top - ranking French dress designers.

Fabric news is centred on hairy-surfaced wools and wonderful textures in pure silk for after dark.

A sweeping and a slim silhouette are both in fashion, and pink in many tones emerges as the most alluring color for day and night.

Into fashion comes a neater headline. Hats are now worn back or on the side of the head as well as forward.

● Paquin's hairy - surfaced woollen coat, at right, in pink. The model is caught at the waist with a narrow belt and finished with balloon sleeves.

● Balmain's ensemble, above, has a loose beige tweed coat and matching slim skirt. Blue is used for the button-in coat lining, blouse, and hat.

● Jacques Heim uses shape and swing for the coat-suit ensemble, at right. Note the intricately draped detail on the button-up suit jacket.

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● Maggy Rouff's fairy-tale ball gown, above, made in layers of white tulle over pink tulle. Circles of white paillettes are embroidered on the skirt and form-fitting strapless bodice.

● Jacques Heim uses full-flowing [illegible] lines for the satin dress, above, [illegible] catches the fullness into a neat [illegible]stline. Model is in sunset shades.

● Paquin's rose - patterned taffeta evening dress, above, has a full skirt in graduated frills. The bodice is moulded.

● Schiaparelli's strapless evening gown, above, is made in stiff shocking-pink taffeta with lavish jet embroidery on bodice and skirt. The silhouette is slim to the knee and then bursts into flares, a revived line for spring.

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Keep your KISS a secret!

ASK A MAN and he'll tell you that he is never half-marked by lovely lips wearing *Colour*fast lipstick. Its basic colour stays true and brilliant, it is satin smooth and keeps your lips fresh and supple because *Colour*fast is non-drying.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR LIPSTICK COLOURFAST

1. Dry lips with a tissue
2. Apply Colourfast to upper lip
3. Compress lips and blend Colourfast on lower lips
4. Blot on tissue and dust lightly with face powder
5. Moisten lips and your Colourfast stays lovely for hours!

Cashmere Bouquet COLOURFAST Lipstick

NEVER DRIES YOUR LIPS

How new is a frock?

Is it brand new, or does it look like new? In either case, how can you keep it that way? How can you make all your pretty things last longer—and go on looking lovely? Well, the answer to that problem is the ACME Cleanser-Wringer.

* * * *

It's the scientific combination of Pressure Distribution and Pressure Indication that does the trick! Acme pressure distribution operates over the whole length of the resilient rubber rollers and wrings the thin as well as the thick parts of the wash, expelling embedded dirt along with the surplus water . . . while Acme's new 3-point pressure indication takes the guesswork out of wringing. Everything from a bib to a blanket, gets exactly the right pressure suited to its weight and texture without any strain on delicate fibres. The whole wash — silks, cottons, linens, woollens — comes out fresher, cleaner, and with longer life ahead.

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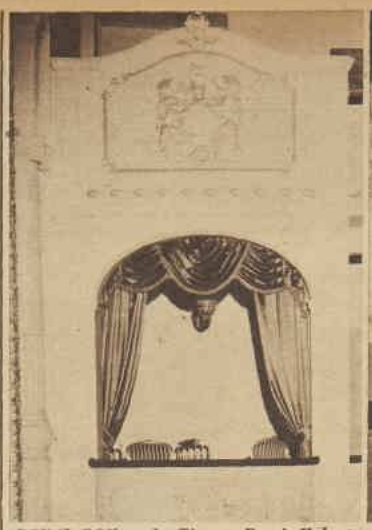


ROYAL BOX at the Theatre Royal, Hobart, was vacant on the opening night. It would have been occupied by Princess Elizabeth, now Queen, had the Royal tour taken place.

WAITING BACKSTAGE for her cue, Fifi Banvard takes a bite from a sandwich offered by stage director Peter Webb. Gwen Friend, who appears with Fifi in "Variety Cocktail," one of the three pieces on the current programme at the Royal, is on the right. The theatre is one of the oldest in Australia.

FIRST NATIONAL THEATRE

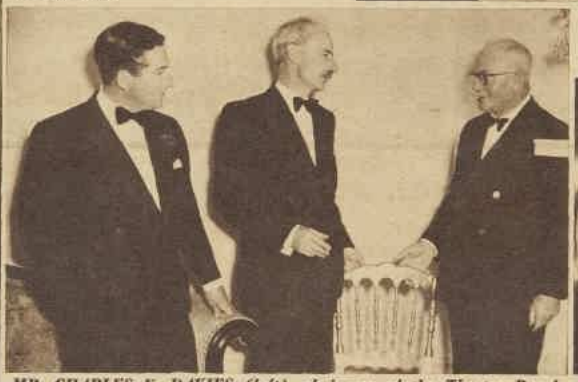
HOBART'S Theatre Royal, famous for its Regency period architecture and furnishings, is having its first season as a National Theatre.

In 1948 Sir Laurence Olivier told the people of Tasmania they must not allow "this little gem to pass from being." Since then the project of restoring the theatre, which was built in 1837, has had enthusiastic support.

The National Theatre and Fine Arts Council was formed and the theatre building was later bought by the Government of Tasmania for £24,500.

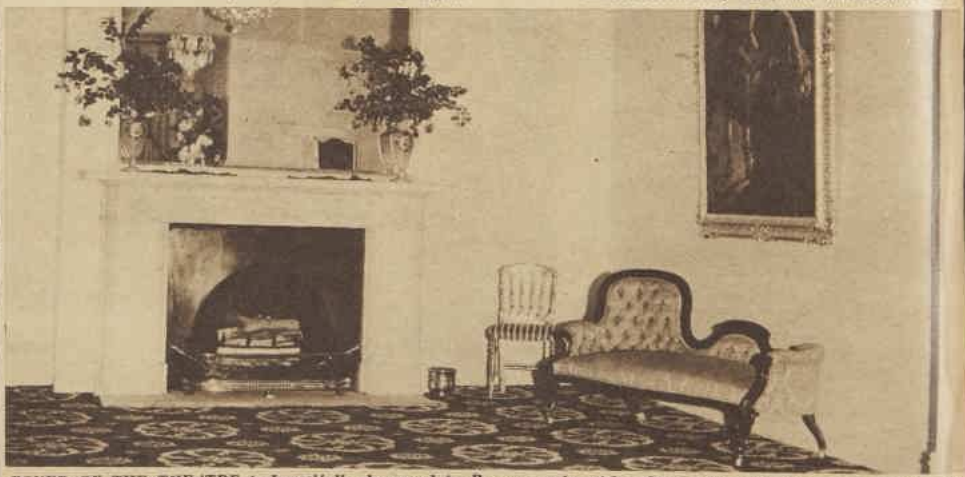
Additional funds were subscribed through the Theatre Royal Appeal Committee, and all sections of the community, including children, raised money to help restore the old playhouse.

LAURIER LANGE (left) has a cigarette with fellow artists Arthur Young and Mary McLeod. Laurier Lange, an ex-London actor, has lived in Hobart since 1940.



MR. CHARLES E. DAVIES (left), chairman of the Theatre Royal Appeal Committee, talks with Mr. Bruce Piggott, chairman of the National Theatre and Fine Arts Council, and the Premier of Tasmania, Mr. Robert Cosgrove, on the opening night.

DOME OF THE THEATRE has a glittering chandelier surrounded by portraits of famous musicians. The paintings, which formerly were almost obscured by dust, have now been restored.



FOYER OF THE THEATRE is beautifully decorated in Regency style, with red-and-gold medallion carpet, gold brocade lounges, and gilt-framed mirrors. The ceiling is hung with delicately fashioned crystal chandeliers.

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THE BLAKE ART PRIZE

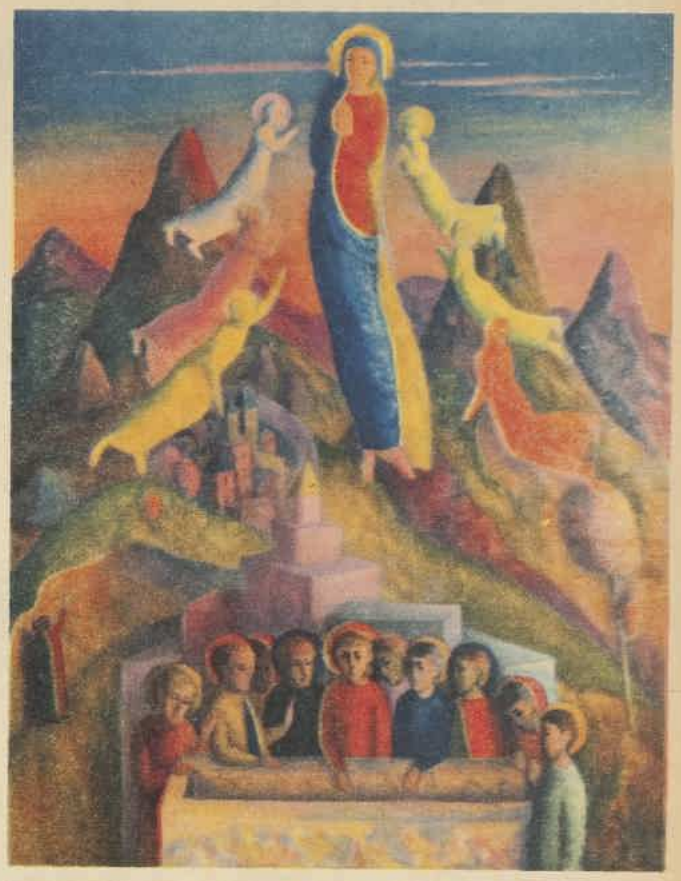
● The Blake Prize for a religious painting is now established as one of Australia's major art contests.

More than 50 paintings, widely varying in style, were hung at the second annual exhibition, which recently ended at Mark Foy's, Sydney.

The Blake Prize Committee is planning to establish a trust fund so that an annual award will be assured.

The first prize of 200 guineas makes the Blake Prize second only to the Archibald Prize from the point of view of financial reward.

"THE CRUCIFIXION," by Sydney artist Elaine Haxton, was entered in this year's Blake Prize Exhibition at Mark Foy's Gallery (left).



"THE ASSUMPTION," by Justin O'Brien, who won last year's prize with "The Virgin Enthroned," now in the Melbourne Gallery.

"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT," by Frank Hinder, of Gordon, N.S.W., was awarded first prize of 200 guineas. Its semi-abstract style caused controversy among critics and public.

"THE MARYS AT THE TOMB," by Harold Abbot, a lecturer in Art at East Sydney Technical College (right). Works by Sydney artists predominated at the exhibition.

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ANNABELLE

"A man telephoned and left an urgent message for you to ring him the moment you came in . . . Couldn't quite catch the name, it SOUNDED like Mr. Clucky Hen."

BUTCH

"Y' happen t' have any cash, too? I had t' promise the man next door two bucks for the use of his ladder."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

"GIRLS learn to tell lies at an earlier age than boys," says Dr. Jean Walker MacFarlane, a psychologist at the University of California.

Dr. MacFarlane hasn't jumped to any hasty conclusion about this. She and other psychologists have been studying the behaviour of children for 24 years.

The reason for this is plain to anyone—plain to any woman, I mean. Nature knows that the little dears must be equipped in the struggle for life, and that, since they have to learn to handle men, an ability to tell a few little falsehoods will come in awfully handy.

What the psychologist hasn't bothered to point out is that there is an analogy here to the hare and the tortoise. For though the boys start later to tell lies, they certainly get very good at it very quickly.

In maturity their talent for telling the absolute whopper completely outshines the mild falsehoods which are the small change of feminine conversation.

Which reminds me, I knew a girl once who was customarily truthful in her utterances. She met a young man who mistook these truthful statements for wit.

When he asked her questions such as did she think him handsome, he used to laugh uproariously at the answers.

"I couldn't stand it," she said later, explaining why they parted. "It was so nice to be thought witty, but one day he was bound to find out that I wasn't."

* * *

A SOUTH AFRICAN poultry farmer, fined recently for carrying 20 bottles of brandy, told a court that he fed his 1100 fowls 100 bottles of brandy a month.

This diet, he said, increased their laying capacity by ten dozen eggs a day.

According to my arithmetic, this would not be a paying proposition in Australia, even at the current price of eggs.

But what fun for the fowls.

"Excuse me, dear—hic," says one fowl departing from the hen party. "I have to go and lay another egg-nog.

"But—hic! Not a word to Mr. Justice Maxwell."

* * *

CALLING all railway refreshment rooms:

One of the six joint winners of a contest to decide France's best chef is Roger Foully, chef at the Paris railway station Gare de Lyon.

"Scores of my customers miss trains to the provinces because they like my food better than travelling," he said.

I had intended to make some comment on this, but it isn't really necessary, is it? May as well just sharpen our elbows and shove our way up to the counter for the usual tea and pie.

THE week leading up to Easter saw a great outbreak of yeast-buying in Sydney.

Housewives who had never tried before were making hot cross buns, probably because of the comparatively high cost of those once negligible items.

Some of them are even planning to run up fresh bread instead of enduring the usual stale bread of public holiday breaks.

In Sydney, where the power position promises another candle-lit, kerosene-warmed winter, one realises that the bread-and-bun-making is yet another sign of a return to the simple life.

There are plenty of others, too. More and more women are making their own clothes. More and more husbands mend the family shoes. One I know is busy studying how to be a handyman since his refrigerator door jammed—and the bill for having it opened was a pound.

"Ah for the complex life of the good old days," they all sigh when they have enough spare time for sighing.

* * *

LATEST in America is a new kind of cotton material which is advertised in a New York trade journal as "disciplined fabric."

This material—I quote—releases creases, is easy and fast to wash, dry, and iron, never needs starch, is colorfast and shrinkage-controlled, and is the first fine cotton "made to behave" permanently.

Makes you quite disgusted with all those old-style delinquent cottons in your wardrobe, doesn't it?

* * *

Autumn, sweet season that the poets hymn,
They sing thy praises now that April's here.
Each to his taste. I take a view that's dim,
Unstirred by falling leaves and crisp, clean air.
Now the alarm takes on the tone of doom.
How brave are they who back the blankets fling
And rise to greet the dawn's encirling gloom—
Small wonder that migrating birds take wing.
Pale golden sunshine, tang of autumn fires,
Glimpse of a leaf that turns from gold to red—
But no such thought my city soul inspires.
I haul my suitcase from beneath the bed,
With resignation rip dry-cleaners' tags
From off the coat and suits of yesteryear,
And note, emerging from their moth-proof bags,
With jaundiced eye my winter underwear.

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STAYS SEALED

Ask for
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Special Supplement

HOMEMAKER QUIZ PRIZE ANSWERS

Golden rules for husbands, wives

The Homemaker Section of our £5000 Quiz Contest brought many excellent entries, and in this special supplement we print the answers of the three major prizewinners, Mrs. Roy Jenkyns, Mrs. Wendy Kennett, and Mrs. D. J. Walliker. Below are their replies to questions 1 and 10, in which they were asked to suggest golden rules for husbands and wives to promote happiness in the home.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER Mrs. Wendy Kennett receives a gift from her husband. She thinks a husband should surprise his wife occasionally with a little present, no matter how inexpensive.

£250 PRIZE

Mrs. WENDY KENNETT,
61 Brandon Street, Burwood, E. 13, Vic.

For wives

● Take as much interest and pride in your job as you would in any other chosen career. Try to acquire a sound knowledge of the true price, relative value, and quality of all the goods you buy.

● Do not become too house-proud. Rather than insisting on round-the-clock tidiness, lay the stress on comfort, cheerfulness, and friendliness in your home.

● As the pivot and "stay-at-home" member of the family, try to unite the whole family into an integral, happy group.

● Share in the interests of all members of the family, if not actively, at least by attentive listening and the offering of suggestions and opinions if they are asked for.

For husbands

● Show appreciation for the efforts your wife makes to run the home attractively, economically, and for your comfort.

● Try to spend at least half your week-end spare time with your wife, either at home or in sharing some outside activity together.

● Try to be kind and considerate to your wife, her friends, and her relatives. Always have a couple of household chores which are specifically yours, and don't have to be reminded to do them. Be moderate in your drinking habits.

● Consult and discuss with your wife all your plans for spending or investing the family income. Trust her judgment in the handling of the housekeeping money.

£1000 PRIZE

Mrs. ROY JENKYNS,
40 Fairfax Road,
Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

For wives

● Make your home as attractive as your finances will allow. Soft pastel walls can be had for the price of a packet of kalsomine and your own effort, while sombre woodwork can be transformed with a few coats of paint. Shining cleanliness costs little.

● Take care of your own appearance and personality. A planned routine of house duties will simplify your tasks and still leave time for rest, relaxation, and simple attention to your appearance.

● Plan a budget that will help keep your expenses within your income. Try to budget for some little pleasure each week—a visit to a good film, or a book your husband has been longing to read.

● Make your home a happy place for your family. Better a shabby lounge-room than that father should have to go outside to smoke his pipe or the children feel they must walk on tiptoe.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER Mrs. Roy Jenkyns, helped by her husband and two daughters, paints a cherry-blossom tree on the wall of the daughters' bedroom.

For husbands

● Realise that the responsibility for a happy home rests with husband and wife alike. Each has an important part in running the home and rearing the children.

● Think of your wife as the woman you married, and not as one of the appointments of the home. When you were courting did you play golf all the week-end, snore in an armchair on the evenings you spent with her, forget her birthday completely, or fail to notice a special new frock? Of course not, or she would never have tied herself to such a dreary character in the first place.

● Be as courteous at home as you would be at the office. Remember, your secretary can walk out any time, but your wife takes her job for life.

● Remember Booth Tarkington's dictum: "The ideal wife is any woman who has an ideal husband."

THIRD PRIZE WINNER Mrs. D. J. Walliker washing-up with her husband and daughter, Elizabeth. She believes that shared family chores are good for the family and make for good companionship.

£100 PRIZE

Mrs. D. J. WALLIKER,
"Cooinda," Port Fairy, Vic.

For wives

● Don't be house-proud and don't fuss. All members of your family should feel free to relax in their home.

● Run your house efficiently. A house must be clean and tidy and meals available on time before your family can be comfortable. Have an elastic method, but don't let the work pile up.

● Make your house a colorful, pleasant place. There is no need for dinginess or inconvenience. Any house can be made more comfortable and attractive without great expense, if you are prepared to do the work yourself.

● Don't make yourself the family servant. Let your family help.

For husbands

● Be cheerful and good-tempered. Life presents enough "mountains to climb" without making heavy weather of the "mole hills."

● Don't drink to excess. "Drunks" are both unattractive and expensive.

● Know how to help in the house and with the children, and give that help without implying that it isn't your job.

● Be companionable. It's nice for a woman to be able to regard her husband as her "best friend."

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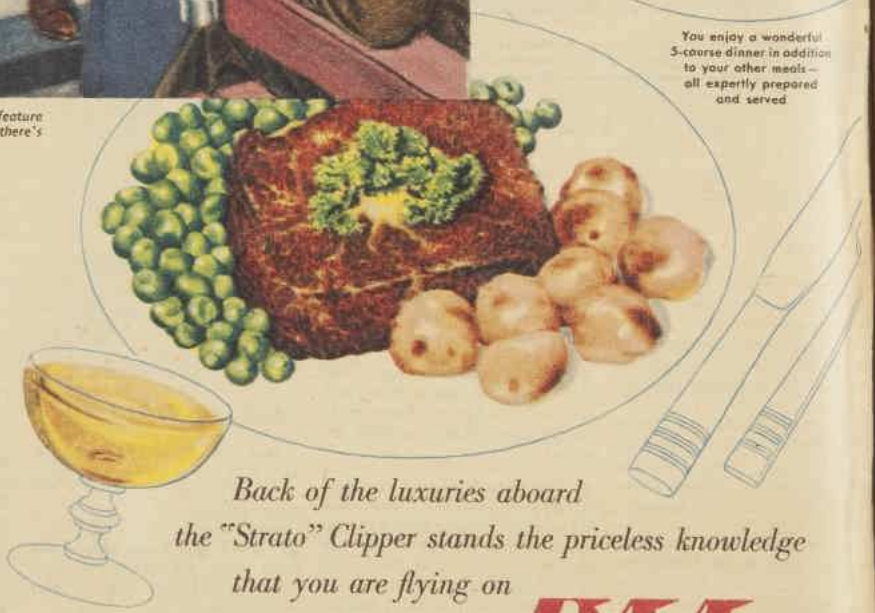

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A WARDROBE FOR £100

—You are an average house-wife running a home on an average income. Your wardrobe is limited, you have a good winter topcoat, but nothing else of much value. Suddenly you are given £100 which you must spend all at once on clothes. State what you would buy with that money so that you would benefit not only this summer but for several seasons to come.

Mrs. Jenkyns' answer to this question brought her high marks. Fashion expert Betty Keep, after studying the wardrobe, said that Mrs. Jenkyns' practical ideas on clothes are aided by her good dress and color sense.

The answer was illustrated with Mrs. Jenkyns' own sketches, some of which we have reproduced. The sketches, incidentally, did not influence the judges, who based their opinions on the quality of the answer.

£100 to spend all at once on clothes! What a delicious prospect for any woman! But what a temptation to dash out and buy that ravishing evening gown that you would probably wear no more than twice a year, or that elaborate flower-laden hat that seemed to make you look like a film star! However, if I did not want to collect a wardrobe of unrelated and expensive "mistakes," here are a number of basic rules I would follow.

I would draw up a shopping plan to satisfy everyday requirements.

I would choose simple clothes, look for quality in workmanship and materials, buy related items that can be mixed and matched, and choose neutral colors for basic clothes and accessories. I would budget for good accessories because they last for years, and a simple frock worn with good shoes, bag, and gloves is better dressing than an elaborate one with tired or shoddy accessories.

I have divided my scheme into three sections: accessories, winter clothes, and summer clothes.

The top-coat, which was the key to the plan, is a navy one of the tent variety, straight in front with a full swing back.

NAVY FAILLE suit (right) has a gored skirt which can be teamed for evening wear with a blouse of coarse lace or broderie anglaise (left). The navy winter suit has a straight, slender skirt and a boxy jacket of fine navy-and-white houndstooth check.

Accessories

2 prs. navy shoes at approx. £3 pr.	£6 0 0
1 pr. white shoes	£2 10 0
1 pr. black suede "flats"	£2 10 0
2 prs. sheer nylon stockings	£1 8 0
4 prs. manufacturer's "seconds"	£1 12 0
1 pr. navy skin gloves	£2 0 0
2 prs. white fabric gloves	£1 10 0
1 navy calf handbag	£4 0 0
1 white handbag of easily cleaned leather	£3 0 0
1 metal bag top and ½yd. faille	£1 10 0
1 grey silk umbrella	£4 0 0
1 silk scarf	£3 0 0
1 red carnation or bunch of good lemon - colored flowers	£1 0 0
	£34 0 0

Winter clothes

1 navy wool suit	£12 0 0
1 grey lightweight wool frock	£7 0 0
1 white finely stitched blouse	£2 0 0
1 grey flannel skirt	£3 10 0
1 red twin-set (both long sleeves if possible)	£4 10 0
1 navy velour beret	£2 0 0
1 red velour beret	£2 0 0
	£33 0 0

Summer clothes

1 navy faille suit	£10 0 0
1 pale grey linen suit	£6 0 0
1 lemon cotton sun-frock, matching jacket	£2 10 0
1 pale blue cotton frock, small white pattern	£2 10 0
1 white blouse, coarse lace or broderie	£3 0 0
1 white straw hat, trimmed with navy	£3 0 0
1 lemon straw hat of forward beret type	£3 0 0
	£30 0 0

I would make a white pique "shell" hat to wear with summer cottons, a cummerbund-stole with navy-and-white-striped taffeta, a knitted lemon cardigan, and two pretty aprons to protect my clothes while working. Cost of materials, £3.

Total expenditure, £100.

However, it is quite possible that my underwear was in a sad and sorry state, in which case out would go the umbrella, the scarf, the "glamor" bag, and the grey linen suit, and I would try to knit the red twin-set, altogether saving about £17/10/-. This I would allot in the following way:

1 good foundation garment	£3 0 0
2 slips at approx. 30/- each	£3 0 0
3 prs. panties	£1 5 0
3 singlets or bras	£1 5 0
2 summer nighties (about £2 each)	£4 0 0
2 winter nighties (about £2/10/-)	£5 0 0
	£17 10 0

GREY WOOL shirtmaker frock is highlighted with white pique. The twin-set is useful for wear in the house, for golf, or for any completely informal occasion.

Other prizewinners

SECOND and third prizewinners, Mrs. Kennett and Mrs. Walliker, received good marks for their answers to this question, but their ideas were not quite as good as Mrs. Jenkyns'.

Betty Keep's report on Mrs. Kennett's answers said: "She has a good idea of planning a wardrobe and is obviously practical. I don't like the chosen colors, but that does not mean they are not good. Colors are a matter of choice."

She described Mrs. Walliker's choice of wardrobe as "practical, sensible, and quite well planned. It is not inspired, but her dress sense is good."

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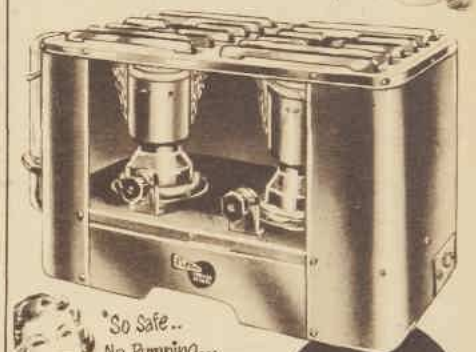

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Hints for brides-to-be

3—Yesterday afternoon you went to a kitchen tea at which each guest had to write down her favorite household hint for the bride-to-be. What did you write?

SHADOW-BOARD, which Mrs. Jenkyns finds useful for keeping small utensils from being mislaid.

Mrs. Jenkyns advised:

A SHADOW-BOARD contributes to tidiness and efficiency in the kitchen.

All you need to make it is a flat piece of wood or the inside of a cupboard door, some small hooks, a little paint and string.

Put the egg-beater in the middle of the board, the tin-opener, bottle-opener, apple-corer, bean-stringer, paring knife, and wooden spoon down each side. Make a simple drawing round the edge of the utensil, then paint in the shape. When the paint is dry, fix the hooks in a suitable place and tie a small loop of string on each utensil.

Then there will be no more diving into drawers for that elusive can-opener or impaling a finger on the carving-fork in your search for the apple-corer.

Mrs. Kennett advised:

USE a card index file for your collection of recipes and household hints. This is a wonderful system.

The recipes are filed under such alphabetically arranged main headings as "Cakes," "Meats," "Puddings," etc. In each section the cards on which the recipes are written are themselves arranged alphabetically.

The same system applies to household hints.

The file can be made from an old chocolate or shoe box and loose cards.

An efficient housewife could extend the scheme to cover medical hints, knitting and dressmaking patterns, and gardening notes.

Mrs. Walliker advised:

IN humid weather salt becomes damp and will not run. Stop the mouths of your salt-cellars with a match when not in use and the salt will remain dry.

The problem of lazy Bobby

5 — The years go by and your eight-year-old Bobby is at school. One day he brings home a note from his teacher, saying he is lazy and inattentive and asking you to speak to him. You feel, like most mothers, that Bobby's teacher doesn't understand him, because you know Bobby doesn't like the teacher. Then, thinking it over, you realise Bobby is lazy and inattentive at home, too. How do you deal with this situation?

Mrs. Jenkyns' method of dealing with Bobby:

IN dealing with young children one must realise that each is an individual personality. There are lively and alert children, quiet and dreamy ones, and the extroverts and introverts.

Also, remember that it is not always "the shining light" at school who makes a success in the adult world.

The wise parent will make a point of meeting the teacher who has charge of her child for a year of his life. After his parents, she is the most important person in his psychological environment.

If this meeting has not already taken place before the note on Bobby's laziness, then a visit to the teacher is necessary, not only to meet and discuss the problem with the teacher but also to find out the size of Bobby's class. Even the most patient woman will become harassed, overworked, and therefore short-tempered if she has too many children under her care.

The visit will also show whether the work is interesting and varied. A boy who is bored and, consequently, lazy may show aptitude for other things.

If the school is all that you could wish for, and you feel that Bobby is more than merely dreamy, it is time to look for physical causes.

A boy of eight who has a good, balanced diet and lots of sound, refreshing sleep should be bright and alert most of the time.

If he is not, a careful examination by a doctor will probably reveal the cause. Lack of energy may point to anaemia or a deficiency in certain vitamins. Heavy adenoids are another cause of seeming dullness in children. Or it may be that his sight or hearing is not good.

Mrs. Kennett feels she herself failed Bobby:

AFTER a careful check back to his baby days, I decide that Bobby was not always lazy, but has gradually become so since starting school at the age of 5½. In fairness to the teacher, I feel that the fault is with me.

It strikes me I have failed Bobby in not allowing him to make the adjustment from home to school environment more slowly. I expected him to become a schoolboy too quickly.

I resolve to show more interest in his school activities and encourage him to tell me about them. I would let him invite his little friends home to play, and try to make him proud to have them by treating them all as little adults.

I also ask my husband to co-operate in every way. There is a very special bond between little boys and their fathers, and Bobby could be made to feel important by Dad asking him to help with the gardening or car cleaning.

Finally, as an incentive to improvement at school, I would promise Bobby a present, such as a cricket bat, or a penknife, or some other article which delights a boy's heart, if his next report from school was good.

Mrs. Walliker would show faith in teacher:

BOBBY would be naturally suspicious about the note, so I tell him that Miss Jones is worried because he always seems tired, particularly in the mornings during the arithmetic lesson.

This is partly but not entirely untrue, but it is important that Bobby should feel both that Miss Jones is interested in him and that his parents have confidence in his teacher.

My husband and I also realise that we give in to Bobby when we should be firm and rarely ask him to do small chores at home.

We do not blame him too much for his lack of aptitude for arithmetic, because he has shown us that he is not dull at things he likes to do.

In a letter to his teacher, thanking her for her interest in Bobby, we tell her of our decision to discipline him a little more at home. We also tell her that his father is going to help him with his arithmetic.

Then, either his father or I call at the school and try to establish a mutual understanding with the teacher.

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KY52-2

THE WEEK'S PLAN

BASKET containing cleaning gear which may be easily carried from room to room is a help on cleaning days, according to Mrs. Roy Jenkyns.

Routine helps

By CECILY JENKYNS

On these two pages the three major Homemaker Quiz prizewinners, in reply to question 8, outline day-to-day plans of household duties for a week in a three bedroomed house for a family consisting of husband, wife, and two children.

ONE full day a week away from the house, visiting friends or developing your own interests, prevents you from becoming stale, and, with a little organisation, can be managed by every mother of schoolchildren.

Make an extra pudding the day before, and prepare an extra amount of vegetables, which you can store in screw-top jars in the refrigerator. This leaves only the meat to prepare when you return. If you intend being home later than your children, perhaps grandma would come for an hour or two, or a kind neighbor would keep an eye on them in exchange for reciprocal service.

Monday is the best day for cleaning, because the house usually has a "worn-out" look after the week-end.

When the kitchen is finished, spread a sheet of paper on the work-bench and set out the necessities for polishing brass and silver. Then, as you proceed through the house, gather up any metal obects and put them together for cleaning later.

Washing day can be less tiresome if you keep a linen-basket in the corner of the bathroom into which socks, undies, and other washing garments are placed as they are taken off. You rinse these out every day. A quarter of an hour will see them on the line and leave you only the larger laundry to boil up on washing day.

Ironing for a family of four takes at least three hours a week. This is too long to stand at one session, and it would be better to divide it into two periods of an hour and a half.

The time-honored custom of a large roast dinner on Sunday has been passed down to us from our grandmothers, but the modern woman often finds it more convenient to have the larger meal on the Saturday, leaving Sunday free for relaxation.

Pop an extra pudding in the oven on Saturday so that it will be ready for Sunday, and perhaps a cake or two.

Actual housework should be finished most days by about 12.30, when you should sit down to a nourishing lunch. After lunch, lie down for at least half an hour, and shower and change into fresh clothes for the afternoon.

If the home is run with a feeling of co-operation from all members, the mother should receive some help from the two schoolchildren, such as cleaning the bathroom at the week-end, shopping if they are old enough to cross roads safely, or even giving mother morning tea in bed on Sunday.

This is my day-to-day plan:

Every morning except Sunday, rise, wash, and dress by about 7 a.m. Cut school lunches on week-days. Prepare breakfast. After breakfast, wash-up as soon as the family has gone.

MONDAY

Clean and vacuum house throughout. Change beds. Spray with insecticide. Have lunch. Clean silver and brass. Soak linen. Shower and change. Prepare dinner.

TUESDAY

Boil-up day. Put copper on to boil while making beds and dusting. Wash and hang clothes. Have lunch. Rest, shower, and change. Shop. Prepare dinner.

WEDNESDAY

Make beds. Dust and carpet - sweep. Rinse undies. Do 1½ hours' ironing. Have lunch. Rest, shower, and change. Prepare an extra pudding and a second lot of vegetables for to-morrow's meal.

THURSDAY

Make beds. Dust and sweep. Rinse undies. Shower and dress. Rest of day for relaxation, whether visiting, entertaining, having a day in town, playing some sport, or just staying at home. Prepare dinner.

FRIDAY

Make beds. Dust and sweep. Rinse undies. Do 1½ hours' ironing. Rest, shower, and change. Shop. Prepare dinner.

SATURDAY

Make beds. Dust and sweep. Rinse undies. Pepare mid-day dinner, extra pudding for Sunday; make cakes. Have dinner. Wash - up. Leave kitchen tidy. Shower and change. Prepare tea.

SUNDAY

Late breakfast. Make beds. Prepare simple lunch. Garden or visit friends. Prepare tea.

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DAY-BY-DAY SCHEDULES

By WENDY KENNETT

The following plan is for normal routine in a three-bedroomed house occupied by a family consisting of father, mother, boy of 12, and girl of 10.

HOWEVER, the schedule should not be regarded as inflexible.

I have set out my daily routine in detail, but I would like to add a few general remarks about the way I tackle my work. I try:

To be methodical about my work.

To turn out at least one room every day.

To get the ironing done and put away as soon as possible.

To have a jar of home-made biscuits ready for the unexpected visitor, and to have a quantity of tinned food always on hand.

To prevent as much silver and cutlery polishing as possible by drying up such articles with a tea-towel that has been wrung out in a cup of boiling water, a tablespoon of ammonia, and one tablespoon of white powder, and then allowed to dry.

To keep the children's routine as stable as possible.

To do no work at night except knitting or hand-sewing—for my husband's sake as well as my own.

I find it more satisfactory and not so exhausting to do the washing twice a week. There is a lot of extra clothing after the week-end, so I leave the linen, tablecloths, etc., for a second copperful on Wednesday.

There is not so much "finicky" ironing attached to the Wednesday wash, and, if the weather is kind, it is usually put away the same evening.

Into my "free afternoons" I have to fit the ironing, sewing, gardening, day-by-day baking, and shopping, but it is impossible to give explicit details, because these activities are so often affected by weather, unexpected calls, invitations, illness, and so on.

Friday is my biggest regular day, with the marketing to do and kitchen to clean out, though Saturday morning, with the baking to do and the children in and out, is also busy.

Sunday is a very elastic day, with a minimum of housework, and our activities largely depend on the weather.

My husband provides me with a weekly sum for housekeeping and he pays the rent and insurance. One personal duty not mentioned in the plan is the fact that I keep a daily account of every penny of my spending, to help us check the budgeting of our income. I have kept this record for more than a year, just for interest. The weekly data is later collected under monthly headings.

Each day my morning plan is the same, with the exception of Mondays and Wednesdays, when the copper must be lit before breakfast and the washing finished and hung out after washing-up and preparing the vegetables.

Here are my regular daily schedules:

MONDAY

Shower and dress.
Light copper.
Wake family to shower and dress.
Prepare breakfast.
Cut lunches for three.
Breakfast for all.
See children ready and off to school.
Wash-up, put away, tidy kitchen, sweep floor, prepare evening vegetables.
Do washing and hang out.
Make beds, clean and dry bath and basin.
Sweep and dust other rooms, tidy flowers, ash-trays, and waste baskets.
Turn out children's rooms.

* * *

4 p.m.: Children home from school.
Afternoon tea; change frock and prepare evening meal.
See children do ½ hour's homework.
Dinner for all.
See children do another ½ hour's homework.
Wash-up and set breakfast table.
Half hour spent with children.
Put youngsters to bed.
Relaxation.
Milk and bread orders left out.
Bed.

TUESDAY

Turn out main bedroom and scrub bathroom floor.
Tidy laundry.
Afternoon and evening the same as Monday.

WEDNESDAY

Do washing and hang out.
Make beds, clean and dry bathroom, sweep and dust other rooms.
Turn out sitting-room.
Afternoon and evening the same as Monday.

THURSDAY

Turn out dining-room and polish silver and cutlery.
Afternoon and evening same as Monday.

FRIDAY

Marketing.
Cup of tea. Put away marketing and dust through house.
Scrub kitchen floor, scrub down benches, refrigerator, etc.
Lunch time. Wash-up and put away.
Afternoon and evening the same as Monday.

SATURDAY

Week-end baking.
Morning tea for all.
Prepare light lunch.
Early lunch for all. Wash-up together.
Family off to sport.
Relaxation. Afternoon tea.
Change frock and prepare evening meal.
Dinner for all.
Wash-up together and set breakfast table.
Time spent with children.
Put children to bed.
Relaxation.
Milk order out.

SUNDAY

Tidy house quickly.
Children to Sunday school.
Prepare roast dinner.
Lunch for all. Wash-up and put away all together.
Relaxation with all the family.
Afternoon tea. Prepare evening meal. Light tea for all.
Wash-up together and set breakfast table.
Time spent with children.
Put children to bed. Relaxation.
Collect washing for copper.
Milk and bread orders out.

Avoid a rigid programme

By DOROTHY WALLIKER

NO household should ever be run to a rigid plan, but certain duties must be performed and the good housewife arranges her time intelligently.

The following plan is offered as a basis for distributing the work evenly and completing the necessary chores over a weekly period. The early morning routine will probably not vary very much, but many of the other chores should be changed about to suit individual arrangements. For instance, it would be foolish to hang out the household wash in a howling gale when it is just as convenient to bake to-day and wash to-morrow.

I have set out my general week plan first, and have followed it up with daily summaries of set jobs:

7 a.m. Rise. Tidy fireplace, set fire, prepare cut lunches for two schoolchildren.
7.15 Prepare breakfast.
8.00 Have breakfast with family.
8.30 Wash dishes, sweep and tidy kitchen.
8.30 Washing. Make beds, daily clean to bedrooms, living-room, bathroom, and lavatory. Sweep porches.
10.30 Morning tea with daily paper.
10.50 Weekly clean to rooms in rotation (as tabulated later).
12.45 Prepare and have own lunch. Begin preparation of dinner. Wash dishes and tidy kitchen.
2 p.m. Sewing, mending, baking, gardening, ironing, entertaining, visiting, or shopping.
5.00 Prepare dinner, shower and dress if necessary.
6.30 Dinner with family.
7.00 Wash-up, set breakfast table.
7.30 Relaxation, reading, sewing, or entertaining. Occasionally make up work missed during day.

MONDAY

Washing, change bedroom, bathroom, and table linen.
Clean laundry and back porch.
Baking for children's lunches.

TUESDAY

Weekly clean to bedrooms.
Baking for children's lunches.

WEDNESDAY

Weekly clean to kitchen, bathroom, and lavatory.
Ironing.

THURSDAY

Washing. (Two smaller washes and ironings are much easier to handle than one heavy one.)
Begin ironing.
Order groceries.

FRIDAY

Weekly clean to living-room, front entrances, and hall.
Baking for week-end.
Extra shopping for week-end.

SATURDAY and SUNDAY

Clean and tidy the house throughout on Saturday morning. Prepare midday dinner and have afternoon free for sport or hobbies.

Have a good rest on Sunday, with later rising, a light breakfast, and "quick tidy" the house.

Enjoy recreation with family, visit or entertain.

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The unexpected guest can be well fed

QUICK DINNER MENUS

THE QUESTION

4—To-day your husband rings you at 4 p.m. to say he is bringing home a business friend for dinner. You have been out shopping and intended to have a quick meal, for which you bought four chops and one pound of green peas. You have a small end of cold roast mutton and your pantry holds the ordinary household needs, including eggs, cheese, bacon, tomatoes, potatoes, plus the following tinned or bottled goods: Meat loaf, asparagus cuts, fish paste, capers, spaghetti, baked beans, white salmon, halved peaches. There are no savory biscuits or crackers. You expect husband and guest by 6 p.m., and consider the meal should be on the table by 7 o'clock. How will you turn the scratch meal into a festive dinner? Use a pressure cooker if you wish.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Mrs. Jenkyns chose a sensible dinner and planned its preparation well. She did not overlook the touches which make simple food attractive.

Where some women, faced with such an emergency, would have spent some time deciding what to do, Mrs. Jenkyns prepared the dinner-table, checked the glasses and flowers, and put clean hand towels in the bathroom. While doing these essential jobs almost automatically, she planned her dinner menu.

FIRST PRIZE. This is Mrs. Jenkyns' dinner. It was cooked and tested by Charmian Maynard, our Cookery Expert, in The Australian Women's Weekly kitchen. Here is the menu:

Savory Fish Squares with Sherry.
Cheese Souffle.
Bacon-wrapped Chops and Gravy.
Potato Puffs. Peas. Baked Tomatoes.
Creamed Asparagus. Fairy Toast.
Peach Butterscotch Meringue.
Coffee.

Peach butterscotch meringue, the sweet included in the menu, was decided upon because it is sufficiently rich in itself to be served without custard, cream, or ice-cream.

The kitchen table or working area was covered with four layers of paper and all ingredients and utensils assembled before commencing to cook. This saved innumerable trips to cupboards and drawers.

Sauce used for the souffle and sauce used for creamed asparagus were made at the same time, thus obviating two lots of stirring.

Bread for savories and fairy toast was cut at the same time. When crumbs were prepared for the creamed asparagus a few extra were made and used to top the baked tomatoes.

Recipes are given here in the order in which they are listed in the menu, not in the order in which they were prepared.

Here are the recipes:

SAVORY FISH SQUARES

Three medium thick slices of bread, 1 level tablespoon butter, 1 level tablespoon fish paste, ½ level teaspoon curry powder, strips of tomato and a few capers.

Mash together butter, fish paste, and curry powder. Remove crusts from bread. Spread with mixture, mark top with a fork, cut each slice into neat squares. Decorate each square with strips of tomato placed diagonally and a caper. Serve on plate garnished with parsley.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

One rounded tablespoon butter, 1 rounded tablespoon flour, 3 rounded tablespoons grated cheese, 1 cup milk, 3 eggs, salt and pinch cayenne pepper.

Grease an ovenware dish; cut and fix a rim of greased greaseproof paper to stand 1½in. above dish. Melt butter, stir in flour and salt, cook for a few minutes without browning. Add milk all at once, stir until smooth and thick. Add cheese, stand aside to cool. When cool add egg-yolks, then very gently fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into prepared pyrex dish and bake in moderate oven ¾ hour. Serve immediately, first removing rim of paper and surrounding dish with serviette or placing dish in silver stand.

Note: It is advisable to make the white sauce for the creamed asparagus while making sauce for the souffle. To do this add 1 scant tablespoon butter and 1 scant tablespoon flour to quantities of butter and flour given in souffle recipe, and increase quantity of milk by ¾ cup. Make sauce as directed for souffle and set aside ¾ cup for creamed asparagus.

BACON-WRAPPED CHOPS AND GRAVY

Three short-loin chops, 3 rashers bacon from which rind has been removed, 1 rounded tablespoon flour and seasoning for gravy.

Trim chops and flatten slightly by hitting with meat chopper or heavy knife. Wrap each chop in a slice of bacon and secure with a cocktail stick. Bake in a greased pie-dish in moderate oven for about 30 minutes, turning once. When cooked, remove chops and keep hot while making gravy. Drain surplus fat from dish, reserving about 2 tablespoons. Add flour and brown, season with salt and pepper. Finally add 2 cups water and stir until gravy is smooth and thick; simmer 2 or 3 minutes.

POTATO PUFFS

Two cups seasoned mashed potato, 3 rounded tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 egg-yolk.

Mix all ingredients together, knead gently on floured board, roll to 1in. thickness. Cut into about 6 pieces with a floured scone-cutter or knife. Deep fry until golden brown.

BAKED TOMATOES

Three large tomatoes, salt and pepper, breadcrumbs, butter.

Cut tops off the tomatoes, reserving them to garnish savories. Sprinkle tomatoes with salt and pepper, top with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Bake on greased tray until tomatoes are soft and top browned.

CREAMED ASPARAGUS

One tin asparagus cuts, ¾ cup white sauce, little extra milk, salt, pepper, breadcrumbs, butter.

Drain asparagus, reserving liquid and some of the cuts for to-morrow's soup. Thin white sauce slightly with a little extra milk, season with salt and pepper. Pour over asparagus in pyrex dish. Top with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Brown in oven.

FAIRY TOAST

Bake very thin slices of bread until crisp and lightly browned. Serve in toast rack.

PEACH BUTTERSCOTCH MERINGUE

Small tin halved or sliced peaches, 3 rounded tablespoons brown sugar, 1 rounded tablespoon butter, 1 rounded tablespoon flour, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 2 rounded tablespoons white sugar, chopped walnuts.

Drain peaches, place in bottom of fireproof dish. In a saucepan melt butter, add brown sugar, and cook 5 minutes. The sugar should bubble but not burn. Add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add milk and stir until mixture thickens. Remove from fire, add beaten egg yolks, return to fire, and cook gently without boiling until smooth. Pour over peaches, allow to cool. Beat egg-whites until stiff, add sugar, and beat until dissolved. Pile on top of pudding. Add a generous sprinkling of chopped walnuts and brown meringue in oven or under griller.

HERE is a condensed version of the time and sequence schedule followed to produce the meal in the time allowed.

- Set out glasses, set dining-table, arrange flowers, place clean hand-towels in bathroom. This is all done immediately after the warning phone call. During this time the menu is planned.
- Prepare work-bench, gather ingredients and utensils. Open tins, drain contents, place in respective dishes.
- Peel potatoes, put on to cook; shell peas.
- Make pudding (except meringue); leave to cool.
- Make white sauce for souffle and asparagus. Thin the portion for the creamed asparagus with milk and pour over asparagus; cool the portion of sauce for the souffle.
- Make crumbs and cover top of asparagus with crumbs and butter. While crumbs are handy prepare tomatoes. While grater is handy grate cheese for souffle and add to sauce.
- Prepare chops; drain and mash potatoes, allow to cool while preparing savories and cutting bread for fairy toast. Cover savories with greaseproof paper.

At this stage put in chops, make meringue for pudding, and place in oven and leave kitchen for no longer than 15 minutes to change frock and freshen make-up and hair-do. It is important to be back in kitchen in time to prepare potato puffs, finish souffle, and place in oven with creamed asparagus before slipping off the apron and greeting husband and guest at 6 p.m.

Then follows a short break while husband takes guest to wash hands. During this time place prepared tomatoes in oven, remove pudding, and leave to cool, take chops up, and put peas on to cook gently.

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for about 10 minutes. Return to kitchen, time should now be about 6.20. Make gravy, cook potato puffs.

Finish serving all main-course dishes and leave in oven to keep hot. Place water for coffee on very low heat—do not actually make coffee until dinner is finished; freshly made coffee has a better flavor and aroma. Garnish souffle and serve at approximately 6.45.

CHANGES made in the working schedule by Miss Maynard were very slight. To allow time for the pudding to cool before the meringue is placed on top it was prepared immediately after the vegetables.

Testing proved that the souffle took ¾ hour to cook (time given in Mrs. Jenkyn's recipe was ½ hour), so we postponed the finishing of the souffle and the cooking of the potato puffs until after the break to look after personal grooming instead of trying to fit them in before.

SECOND PRIZE

Mrs. Kennett's menu is simple, but good and practical. Full use is made of the "small end of cold roast mutton" which is incorporated in the lamb ragout. Contrast in flavor, color, and appearance is considered.

Time and sequence schedule is carefully planned, and it is possible to prepare the meal in the time available without any undue flurry.

During testing it was found that the sweet took longer to set than expected, even though prepared first. It would be wise to increase the quantity of gelatine from 1½ teaspoons to 2 teaspoons.

As the chops are pressure-cooked before being combined with the cold roast mutton and other ingredients for the ragout it is not necessary to leave the ragout simmering.

Mrs. Kennett selected tried recipes which she knew by heart, so that it was easy to combine her duties as a hostess with those of a good cook. The following brief outline gives an indication of the way the meal is prepared.

- Prepare peach marshmallow pudding and sherry custard and leave to set and cool.
- Light oven, and while it heats prepare savory cheese fingers, fairy bread, and bacon rinds.
- Prepare potato soup in pressure cooker, transfer to saucepan to be reheated later.
- Make ragout and soup sippets. Set ragout aside to be reheated just before serving.
- Make bacon rolls; shell peas; prepare tomato pie.
- Prepare dinner-table, serve appetisers, attend to personal grooming, and be ready to greet husband and guest at 6 o'clock.
- After a ten-minute break return to kitchen to cook tomato pie, rice, peas, and bacon rolls.
- Reheat soup and ragout. Serve main course and leave in oven to keep hot while soup is served.
- Serve soup, meal commencing shortly before 7 p.m.

These are main recipes from the menu:

PEACH MARSHMALLOW PUDDING

Two egg-whites, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup peach syrup, 8 or 9 peach halves, 1½ rounded teaspoons gelatine (use 2 rounded teaspoons for quick setting), cherries, mint, or angelica to decorate.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, add sugar and all but three of the peach halves roughly chopped. Heat gelatine with peach syrup until hot enough to dissolve gelatine. Allow to cool slightly, then pour through peach foam, mixing lightly. Pour into individual glass dishes, leave to set. Use peach halves to decorate, adding cherries, mint, or angelica.

SAVORIES

(Cheese fingers, crisp bacon rinds, and fairy bread for soup.)

Twelve thin slices bread, butter or substitute, grated cheese, salt, pepper, bacon rinds.

Leave six bread slices plain, place on tray low down in very moderate oven to dry out for fairy bread for soup. Spread other six with butter or substitute, sprinkle liberally with cheese, season with salt and pepper, cut into fingers. Place on tray in oven, where they "fry" a crisp golden-brown as cheese and butter melt. Place bacon rinds on either of the two trays to become crisp and crunchy.

Continued on page 30

SECOND PRIZE. Lamb ragout with bacon rolls used the "small end of cold roast mutton." This is Mrs. Kennett's menu:

Sherry with Savory Cheese Fingers and Crisp Bacon Rinds.

Potato Soup with Grated Cheese, Sippets, and Fairy Bread.

** Lamb Ragout with Bacon Rolls.*

Fluffed Rice. Green Peas. Tomato Pie.

** Peach Marshmallow Pudding and Sherry Custard.*

* These dishes are photographed above.

THIRD PRIZE. Salmon vol-au-vent is a festive and particularly appetising dish. This is Mrs. Walliker's menu:

Savory Rolls with Drinks.

** Salmon Vol-au-vent.*

Baked Savory Cutlets, Bacon Curls.

Tomatoes au Gratin. Buttered Green Peas.

Baked Potato Slices.

** Spiced French Pancakes, Peach Paradise Sauce.*

* These dishes are photographed below.

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QUICK-EZE for INDIGESTION!

Continued from page 29

POTATO SOUP

One and a half cups diced peeled potatoes, 1 tablespoon coarsely grated onion, 1 rounded teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1½ cups hot water, 1½ level tablespoons butter, 1 rounded tablespoon flour, 1½ cups milk, grated cheese and sippets.

Brown onion in butter in the cooker. Add flour and blend well. Add potatoes, salt, pepper, and water. Cover with lid, pressure cook 5 minutes. Transfer to saucepan to be reheated with milk just before serving, topped with grated cheese and sprinkled with sippets.

LAMB RAGOUT

After trimming fat from chops, pressure cook them 8 minutes with salt, pepper, and ¼ cup water. While they are cooking, cut cold roast mutton into pieces as near size of chops as possible. Heat 4 tablespoons fat in pan, add a slice of bread cut into sippets. When golden-brown, remove on to kitchen paper to drain; these are sippets for soup. Pour all but 1 tablespoon fat from pan, prepare ragout sauce.

Ragout Sauce: One small onion, 1 rounded tablespoon flour, ¾ pint stock or water (including stock from pressure cooker), salt, pepper, ¼ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, bacon.

Coarsely grate onion and fry for 3 minutes. Add flour and brown, stir in salt, pepper, herbs, stock, and sauce. Continue stirring until boiling. Simmer 5 minutes, stand aside until ready to reheat before serving. Prepare bacon rolls and thread on a skewer ready for cooking.

THIRD PRIZE

MRS. WALLIKER'S menu is interesting but unnecessarily elaborate. Split-second timing would be necessary to accomplish it in the time.

This is her working schedule:

- Start by making puff pastry for salmon vol-au-vent, and between rollings (while pastry is folded and chilling in refrigerator) prepare other dishes in following order:
- Mix pancake batter.
- Prepare cutlets and vegetables, make bacon curls.
- Make white sauce and peach sauce.
- Prepare savory rolls (thin brown and white bread; fillings of asaparagus, and grated cheese and capers). Wrap in greaseproof paper, place in refrigerator.
- Cook puff pastry case for salmon vol-au-vent.
- Set dinner-table, attend to personal grooming.
- Place potatoes, tomatoes, cutlets in moderate oven.
- Serve savory rolls, greet husband and guest.
- About 6.20 p.m. return to kitchen, place pancakes in oven to cook; complete vol-au-vent; cook peas; cook bacon rolls; reheat peach sauce; serve main dish and vegetables, place in oven to keep hot; make gravy.
- Serve first course at 7 p.m.

SALMON VOL-AU-VENT

Half-pound self-raising flour, pinch salt, squeeze lemon juice, 1 egg, ½lb. butter or butter and lard, 1 gill (¼ pint) iced water.

Squeeze butter in cloth to remove moisture. Beat egg with lemon juice and iced water. Sift flour and salt, add liquid, making a light dough. Turn on to floured board, knead until elastic. Roll to thin square sheet. Press butter into flat shape half the size of the dough. Place on dough, moisten edges, fold dough over and pinch edges together. Turn folded edge to left, roll one way—from you—until a thin strip. Fold in three, turn folded side to left again. Repeat 7 times, chilling in ice-chest or refrigerator between each two foldings.

Make vol-au-vent case as follows. Roll pastry to 1in. thickness. Dip vol-au-vent cutters (or large kitchen knife) in hot water. Cut out case with large cutter, then with smaller cutter cut half-way through so that centre portion can be pressed down when cooked. Cut a second piece with small cutter (for lid). Bake both pieces 20 minutes in very hot oven.

Salmon Filling: One tin white salmon, 1 tablespoon grated onion, nut of butter, pinch cayenne pepper, lemon juice, salt to taste, ½ pint thick parsley sauce, 2 egg-whites, chopped parsley, lemon to garnish.

Cook onion in butter until soft but not brown. Add to sauce with flaked fish and liquor, pepper, lemon juice, and salt. Fill into cooked pastry-case, place smaller portion of pastry on top. Beat egg-whites stiffly, pile on to vol-au-vent, sprinkle with parsley. Place in oven for a few minutes until savory meringue is just colored, then serve garnished with lemon.

FRENCH PANCAKES

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. flour (plain), 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, ½ level teaspoon mixed spice, ¼ level teaspoon powdered ginger.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks, then sifted dry ingredients. Mix well, allow to stand as long as possible. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, pour into greased saucers, bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Turn on to sugared plate, fill with sauce.

Peach Paradise Sauce: Drain 1 small tin peach halves, reserving syrup and making up to 1 cup with water. Heat juice with 1 rounded tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, few drops cochineal. When boiling, thicken with 1 rounded tablespoon cornflour blended with 2 tablespoons water. Simmer 5 minutes. Stir in 2 tablespoons sherry and mashed peach halves.

● The three prizewinning Economical Recipes, with a selection of economical recipes from other entries, will be published in a future issue.

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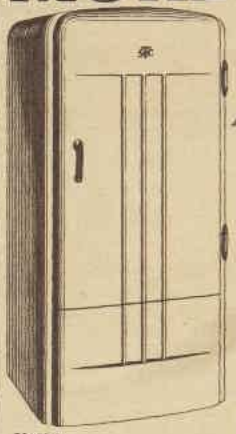

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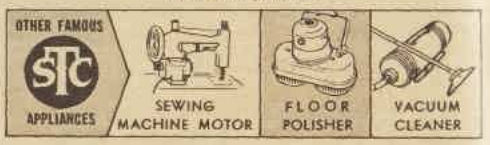

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Don't get into a rut

Prizewinners tell secret of keeping active, alert mind

Question 9 of our Homemaker Quiz asked what steps would you take, if you began to feel yourself submerged in mundane home duties and had little pocket money, to put yourself in touch again with current affairs and the wider world.

HERE are the views of the three major prizewinners:

Cecily Jenkyns:

Many women feel, at some time in their lives, that they are becoming sunk in a chasm of domesticity. This feeling is aggravated when they lose sight of the fact that the homemaker holds the most important job in the world, the job that survives the rise and fall of empires, cataclysmic wars, the long parade of the centuries.

However, a woman owes it to herself, her family, and society in general to know something of what is happening around her in the world.

There are many ways to achieve this objective, but they all take the will to improve, without which suggestions are useless.

Learn Something New. There is bound to be some subject about which you have wanted to know more, or some talent you have wanted to develop. It is never too late. What it is you learn will be determined by your own personality, a sport for some, art appreciation or psychology for others, weaving, flower-making, or cake decoration for yet others.

If this is not practicable, join some social group that will bring you into contact with other people. An organisation working for charity, a parents and citizens' association, the women's group of your political party, a dramatic or literary club, any of these will take you into the society of people of varied personalities and interests.

Read More Advanced Books. Works on travel and the arts, biographies and old letters open up new fields of exciting discovery that cannot fail to stimulate the mind. If some of them seem a little "heavy," remember that two books on hand, an informative one to dip into and a novel for relaxation, is often the ideal reading plan.

Dorothy Walliker:

A HOUSEWIFE can fill in all of her every day with routine work; she can get into a rut so deep that she'll stay there for years, maybe for ever!

In dozens of little ways it is possible to save time in the house—why not serve buffet or picnic meals occasionally, use your pretty china with "wipe over" bamboo mats instead of starched tablecloths and d'oyleys?

You should be able to find time for reading and sport, to join one or two clubs of an artistic, musical, or social nature, and to enjoy a hobby. And from there you may go on to study a course at technical school or university, or to take a part-time job as your children grow up.

If you've descended to "light novels only," it's time to take a *firm* hand with your literary tastes. After you've read one or two of the more worthwhile authors, the light reading will no longer hold your interest.

Use your small amount of pocket money on that hobby you've always fancied and never begun! Maybe it's a course in dress designing, short-story writing, pottery making, commercial art, or oil painting, or maybe it's not just a hobby but a full-time professional study, and why not, if you can manage it?

Be interested in the news

BOTH Mrs. Jenkyns and Mrs. Walliker advise taking an intelligent interest in the news to avoid settling into a domestic rut.

"Read the main columns of the newspapers at a set time every day — at morning tea time, for instance," says Mrs. Jenkyns.

"Even the headlines and first few paragraphs give a fair idea of events, although the editorial is often the most interesting section.

"Ten minutes a day keep you abreast of current events, but if this is not sufficient tune in to one of the radio news commentaries."

Wendy Kennett:

FOR the housewife like myself who becomes oppressed by mundane household affairs, there are many outlets which don't require much money.

Apart from personal hobbies which perhaps you feel don't take you out of yourself enough, there are many women's organisations of which you could become an active member — municipal councils, benevolent societies, kindergartens, or nurseries.

All these offer a splendid chance for you to show initiative, and let your atrophied housewife's brain expand; as well you meet many new people, your interests are vastly widened, and you become a person with something else to talk and think about apart from your family.

You receive all these benefits for nothing, as the joining of these organisations is free, and in some instances you may even be able to get yourself a paid part-time job, depending upon how much time you can give them. In the case of charitable work, you would also get great pleasure out of the help you are giving to others less well-off.

Personally, I myself would choose to do voluntary work with an organisation such as the Red Cross.

The case of the noisy motor-bike

Question 7 dealt with the problem of a neighbor's son arriving late at night on a noisy bike and disturbing the rest of husband and wife. The wife has spoken to the lad's mother without effect.

"I WOULD write a note to the mother when a friendly chat on the subject produced no effect," said Mrs. Cecily Jenkyns.

"I would point out that my husband and I had had a number of disturbed nights, and that possibly the lad did not know that our bedroom window opened on to the driveway of his parents' home.

"According to the strength of my feelings, I would drop the letter in their letter-box next door, unstamped, or, if I were more angry, send *it* through the post.

"I WOULD open a conversation in the garden with John one evening," said Mrs. Dorothy Walliker.

"I would invite him to come to lunch with his family on the following Sunday, and perhaps ask him to remind his mother about a recipe she was lending me.

"I would *then* ask *him* if he was pleased with his bike, and say it seemed to roar a bit.

"I would explain that it had disturbed my husband and that as he was working very hard his sleep was important to him.

"Then I would ask John to do something about cutting down the noise on the nights he was late.

"John's co-operation obtained, I would ask my husband please not to mention the matter when the next-door family came to lunch, and I would be particularly nice to John on that occasion."

"I WOULD speak direct to John," said Mrs. Wendy Kennett.

"I would admit that my husband and I were possibly old fogeys, but point out that we could not endure having our rest disturbed in such a way.

"I would appeal to him not to risk an outburst of temper by my husband, who is known to the neighbors as being irascible. I think that would get the boy's co-operation.

"If not, I would speak to his mother in much the same terms."

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Worth Reporting

A CONSOLATION prizewinner in the Homemaker Section of our £5000 Quiz Contest, Mrs. Janet Meyrick, of Glasshouse Mountains, Queensland, wrote telling us of the obstacles she had to overcome to get her entry in on time.

As well as leading the busy life of a farmer's wife, Mrs. Meyrick supervises the correspondence lessons of her eldest daughter, Rosemary. As she was about to begin work on all three sections of the Quiz, her husband engaged three farm helpers, all of whose meals Mrs. Meyrick had to cook.

That meant she had to work on the Quiz at night, and at this stage her three-year-old daughter, Virginia, broke the entire supply of lamp chimneys.

Mrs. Meyrick tried working with a hurricane-lamp after the rest of the family had gone to bed, but this was not successful. Her husband then bought a lighting plant second-hand.

When it was delivered it wouldn't work. That meant sending for the nearest garage man. He advised a new part. The closing date of the competition drew near, and the spare part still hadn't arrived. It had been lost in the post.

Mr. Meyrick came to the rescue and rigged up a temporary light on the radio battery. Knowing it would only last for a couple of hours, Mrs. Meyrick decided to forget about the Romance and Office sections and get busy at once on the Homemaker Quiz.

No sooner had she sat down in front of her typewriter than unexpected callers arrived. They stayed until the fading light gave its last flicker, saying cheerily as they went out the door, "Good luck with your entry."

* * *

THE heroine of Ilka Chase's new novel, "New York 22," points out philosophically: "There was one compensation for being older. You could say humorously to a man the things you really meant."

Glass as tough as steel

CHAIRS, washing machines, sinks and draining-boards, vacuum-cleaners, and refrigerator parts are some of the articles that will be made in Australia from a new type of glass towards the end of the year.

Much as steel rods are used to reinforce concrete, glass fibres drawn into filaments about one-tenth of the thickness of a human hair are used to reinforce a new type of resin, and the result is a glassy material of amazing strength.

This glass fibre is easy to keep clean, and is about four times as strong as structural steel of the same weight, and, therefore, does not break. It cannot be corroded by water, salt water, weather, or most acids and alkalis. It does not need painting as the color goes right through the article.

Defence needs have first call on the new material, which will be used for aircraft parts such as noses, tail sections, seats, bulkheads, and flooring.

Blind children at museum

JUNIOR pupils at the Royal Victorian Blind Institute, St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, enjoy their fortnightly lesson at the National Museum, where they learn something of the shape and appearance of shells, fish, reptiles, birds, and beasts.

The children, who are between the ages of ten and 13, attend in groups of 15.

Miss Hope Macpherson, Museum conchologist, and her assistant, Miss Pat Hoggart, are in charge of the classes.

"We use enlarged models of the small organisms such as cells or amoeba in the same way that ordinary schools use blackboard diagrams," Miss Macpherson explained.

For instruction on larger types of animals, stuffed specimens are set out on the floor.

"The youngsters feel the animals or birds and get some idea of the size and shape," Miss Macpherson told us.

A WOMAN sitting alone in the luxurious new lounge of the Ocean Terminal at Southampton, England, was told that if she didn't hurry she would miss the liner that was supposed to be taking her to the United States.

"Miss the boat?" she cried. "Why, I thought I was on it."

Jazz-inspired trumpet concerto

RAYMOND HANSON, whose concerto for trumpet and full orchestra will have its premiere at the A.B.C. Youth Concert at the Town Hall, Sydney, on April 16, says that working with a jazz band first woke him up to the possibilities of the trumpet.

When he was in the Army early in World War II, and in training at Dubbo Camp, he was known as a classical pianist, and he was asked by his brigade commander to arrange musical entertainments for the troops.

"The jazz band we formed in camp taught me a lot about music," Hanson told us.

"But without the inspiration of the magnificent playing of John Robertson, the Sydney Symphony Orchestra's leading trumpeter, the concerto would never have come into being. It is written for John's astounding capabilities."

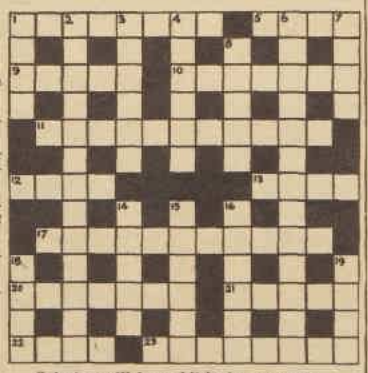
After Hanson had done his preliminary thinking about the concerto, he took nine months to get it on to paper—with a hold-up of three months when he couldn't get a big climax passage. The concerto is the only one known to be written for the trumpet and full orchestra since Haydn composed his in 1794.

Lecturer in aural training and a teacher of composition at the Sydney Conservatorium, 38-year-old Hanson is a bachelor.

After the concerto has been performed for the first time on April 16, Mr. Hanson will leave the Town Hall and go to his invalid mother's home at Lewisham, where he will listen with her to its replay broadcast at 9 p.m.

The composer will also be present when the concerto is repeated at Youth Concerts on April 17 and 18.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Foreshadows the limits of the wine. (8)
5. Wound mark of cars. (4)
9. A mug broken before tea is the whole range of anything. (5)
10. Sweetness made by a sun god in a camel. (7)
11. Unbelieving in cured soul. (11)
12. Be obliged to new wine. (4)
13. Coin an aromatic plant. (4)
17. Venom in a rig. (Anagr. 11)
20. Sinning the bigger half of which is hypocrisy. (7)
21. Remain firm containing an offer of price. (5)
22. Throw to a steamship. (4)
23. Soften flax by soaking in coppers for ostentation. (8)

DOWN

1. Boy in livery on one side of a leaf. (4)
2. Mice in censers. (Anagr. 13)
3. Whole in the French band round a wheel. (6)
4. A Spanish hero in the letter D come to a resolution. (6)
5. Information given through a coconut in malm. (13)
7. Rivulet the end of which is sick. (4)
8. Military exercise for a sick doctor. (5)
14. Precious stone, four-fifths of which belongs to father. (5)
15. Precedes your name if you are a man. (6)
16. Terrified, may be betanes has tag. (6)
18. Stain turned to a bookie. (4)
19. Only one thousand before. (4)

Solution to last week's crossword

Solution will be published next week

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PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

• Famous lawyer Perry Mason, his secretary, Della, and private detective Paul Drake have taken the case of Tommy Hadley, who is suspected of murdering his foster-father, Pops O'Lean. When Perry seeks help from Tommy's sister, Cricket, he meets her fiance, Chappie Colefax, who tells him he wants to marry Cricket soon. Meanwhile, Tommy says he will re-enact his story of the murder night.

TEENA

by Lilla Terry

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The Red Centre

Continued from page 5

IT was getting dark when Martin reached the Rock. The sun had set in savage colors and the dark clouds had gone on thickening so that the stars were shut out. He had to feel his way through the spinifex and up to the gallery of caves. There he stopped and called.

Dawn answered immediately. She was close. Martin picked his way towards the sound and was right on her before he saw her. Then out of the corner of his eye he caught a flickering glow and craning his neck he saw Steve squatting over a fire, cooking. His head was neatly bandaged.

Martin let out a deep sigh. One of his worries was over.

"Everything okay?" he asked.

Dawn said, "The plane was over again this afternoon but nothing happened." She touched his arm. He felt the gentle pressure. "It's nice seeing you back, Martin."

It was the first time she had used his Christian name. Despite his tiredness it gave him a happy thrill.

Steve was absorbed in his cooking. He didn't know Martin had returned. The wind was moaning in the caves and tunnels now, springing up.

Martin leaned against the rock face. He told Dawn, "I got on to the tracks of six camels heading north and followed them. There were spots of blood along the tracks. Bill could be hurt, but not badly."

There was a short silence, then Dawn said, "Steve's recovered a lot, but he's still woolly. He says he saw Bill in the saddle trying to stop his bolting camel. He's not worried."

Martin took her elbow and started to walk into Steve's cave. He asked, "What were you doing out here? Weren't you scared of the dark? And Ayers?"

He was human enough to hope she had been worried about him, but she said, "I was standing guard. I thought if they were coming by foot to-night it would be just as well to know what was happening."

That was sensible, but Martin was disappointed. He said, "They won't come to-night. But there'll be a storm along shortly. We'll have to get out of this while it's dark."

Steve looked up from the fire. He stared a bit blankly at Martin and grumbled, "Thought you'd gone and lost yourself."

Martin grinned. "That would be hard with Ayers and Olga to navigate by." He squatted on his haunches. Steve was attending potatoes and tinned peas in a pot and his own special kind of johnny cake. Martin said, "I didn't find Bill, but I think he's safe."

"Bill's all right," Steve said, unworried. "You ready to eat?"

They sat on the floor of the cave and for a while all were silent. The flickering light from the fire threw their shadows on the walls where, in red ochre, natives had placed their crude sketches of man and animal.

The first peal of thunder sounded, muffled and yet echoing hollowly among the caves. Martin stole a look at Dawn. This was a grotesque setting, in a native art gallery in a cave in a rock sticking out of the Dead Heart, with thunder overhead, lightning penetrating the cave, and a killer's gang using a plane just over the way. But Dawn was eating composedly.

There were plans to make and presently Martin started to discuss them.

"There's no future staying on here," he said. "What do you think, Steve? We'll have to follow up the camels' tracks and the quicker we get started the better."

Steve muttered, "Got to have camels. You can't walk out of the Centre on your own feet. We'll follow up Bill."

"Bill might intend to come back here to-night on one camel and with the guns, but we can't just sit around here waiting. We'll meet up somewhere. He has at least six of the camels, four are out there dead, three with packs and one with water cantreens. That leaves two unaccounted for."

Steve said, "They'd be your saddle camels. I had them fixed ready for you. I saw them heading south before I got laid out."

"Then Bill will have his own and your saddle cows. He'd have one carrying water and the other three would be stores and gear." He looked at Steve. "We'd get out of the Centre with that outfit?"

"Get out with six, less maybe," Steve said proudly. "Bill's smart. He'd think of that. He'd just kept on going to hide the camels."

Martin said, "I can take you roughly to where I turned back to-day. I can do that in the dark. But we'll have to carry water-bags and tucker. If the plane starts searching for us to-morrow we'll have to hole up. It might take some time to contact Bill, but that's better than just sitting around here waiting for something to happen."

Steve agreed: "It's better than dying off here. Or having them coming along here and picking us off."

Martin looked at Dawn and back at Steve. "But we'd better cache all the stores just in case we have to come back."

"We can do that," Steve agreed, but he turned his head away. To return to Ayers without the camels meant death anyway.

When they had finished eating, Steve made three piles of stores and gear and placed a waterbag against each pile. He then took a lighted stick and showed them where to hide the rest of the stuff. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed as they thrust it into concealed crevices. When the last had been hidden he picked up his bag and pack.

"We won't wait for the storm to blow over," he said. "Getting wet won't hurt."

A few drops of rain were falling when they went out into the open, and as soon as they were clear of the Rock the rain fell out of the sky and beat them to a crouching stop by its weight and violence. Martin struggled over to Dawn and they crouched together.

The rain beat through Martin's shirt and needled his skin. Dawn was faring similarly, but all he could do to protect her was to put his arm round her shoulders. The rain was warm and with the ceaseless lightning it seemed to steam.

As a shower it was unrefreshing, and when it eased so that they could stand up, Martin felt as if he had been through a steam laundry.

A new sound now smote his ears and he turned towards the Rock. When the lightning flashed he saw what was causing it and he turned Dawn round so that she could see too.

The Rock now presented a breathtaking spectacle. All its perpendicular strata and crevices were gushing water so that beneath the light the huge dome and base were snow white.

As they stood and watched the awesome sight they heard Steve shouting. His voice was urgent and they turned and splashed towards the point where his voice came from.

Please turn to page 39

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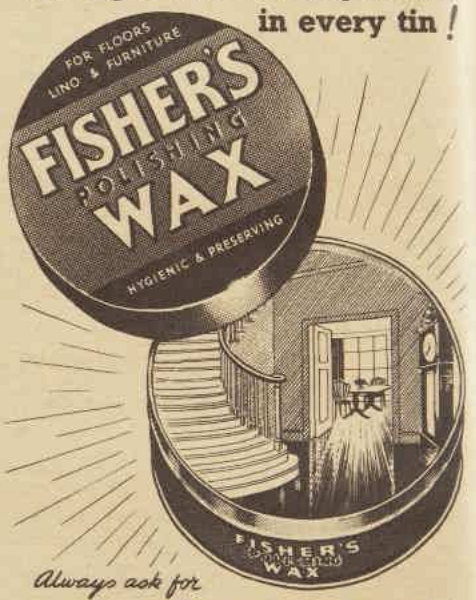

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THE TOWN

Prize-winning Novel by Conrad Richter

18/6

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A full all-round pleated skirt is an established autumn-into-winter fashion. I have used this popular current fashion theme when choosing the design for the reader who writes:

"WOULD you please design me a jumper suit with a full skirt, to be made from 4½yds. of thin wool? I can't wear fullness over my hips as they are a bit big, and can't have any of the very tiny waistlines. I want the outfit for autumn and smart enough to appear again next spring."

You will find the design I have chosen and illustrated at right will be very flattering to your figure. The silhouette lowers the skirt fullness to flatter and smooth the hipline. It also makes the waistline less conspicuous than all-round fullness commencing at the natural waist.

In New York this line is called the "corset-figure silhouette," and has been featured quite widely in spring fashion collections—so don't worry about wearing it again next season. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. The panel on this page tells you where and how to order.

JUMPER SUIT with all-round pleated skirt in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price, 4/6.

Snow fashions

"THIS season I am going to have a holiday ski-ing for the first time, and would like your advice about clothes. A friend who went last season gave me a list of essentials, but I thought you might add your advice."

Ski-ing is a strenuous sport, and for such purpose you will need well-tailored, comfortable clothes made in a proofed material—gabardine and poplin are both excellent. Ski pants are, of course, best made to measure, but this is not essential. Jackets and shirts must be designed for action. If you can afford it, buy your own ski-boots. After-ski clothes made in fur fabrics are news. You might, for instance, consider leopard fabric slacks, plus a black wool shirt. However, dramatic fashions of this type are not everybody's taste. My choice would be a circular skirt, lined and quilted, worn with a pretty top, or velvet slacks and a sweater in a becoming color.

For your trousseau

"I RECENTLY purchased some pastel blue fine wool to make a wool nightgown for a friend's trousseau and wondered if you would be kind enough to offer suggestions."

My suggestion—and it combines warmth with glamor—is a modern version of the old-fashioned Victorian flannel nightdress made in your soft pastel wool. Have the design gathered into a high-tucked bodice yoke edged with lace, and the lace repeated on a tiny Peter Pan collar. Have the sleeves full and long with lace-edged cuffs.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and enclose 4/6 for each pattern.

BE SURE TO STATE SIZE CLEARLY.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"CAROLINE."—A smart one-piece dress made in a flecked woollen tweed with velvet collar and pocket trim. The color choice includes brown, blue, and green.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 102/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, 107/3. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

"JOHN."—Tailored overall for professional men is made in white cesarine, and is obtainable in sizes SM, M, and OS.

Ready To Wear: Price, 52/6.

Cut Out Only: Price, 35/-. Postage 2/9 extra.

"MARGERY." — Waist-petticoat-slip is obtainable in self-printed organdie. The color choice includes sky-blue, pastel pink, lemon, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 49/6; 30 and 32in. waist, 53/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 37/3; 30 and 32in. waist, 39/9. Postage and registration 1/8 extra.

● *NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 55.*

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The Red Centre

Continued from page 36

WHEN the lightning flashed again, Martin and Dawn saw Steve. The rain had stopped and the atmosphere was as steamy as a jungle. The roar of the water pouring off the Rock was a crazy sound.

Steve yelled, "We've got to get out of here. This plain is like a basin and it'll hold the water. We don't want to drown in the desert."

Martin realised that the water they had splashed through was well over his ankles, and running strongly.

He noted that Steve was heading south, making for the sand ridges. He wondered whether the tremendous volume of water which had obviously come from a cloudburst would run far or be sucked up thirstily by the desert.

They made slow progress through it, being retarded by the water itself and having to feel their way past the spinifex clumps and boulders.

The water dropped below their ankles when they reached the rising dunes, and at that point Steve turned west. The loose sand of the slopes still made difficult going, but it was easier to see the obstacles in the path.

By then, the storm clouds had passed on. The lightning was flashing on the horizon, and a few stars came out. They kept up a steady pace, and when Dawn commenced to drag Martin took her arm.

They stopped for breakfast early and had eaten it before first light. They watched the sun rise and rest upon Ayers dome. Martin worked out that they had overrun his stop, but Steve wasn't worried. He said he would pick the tracks up easily rain or no rain.

Martin was smoking his pipe now and looking at Dawn, amused. Their clothes had dried during the night and Martin said Dawn looked like something that needed ironing out.

Her felt hat had wrinkled and drooped; her shirt and jodhpurs were rough dry; her shoes were caked with dried mud. She was idly scraping this off with a stick.

Steve had lost his bandage during the night or had thrown it away. He was drawing on his pipe thoughtfully, staring back at the Rock. Presently he asked interestedly, "Martin, would that rain damage a plane?"

Martin answered, "Not unless the engine was underwater. Or it got bogged down or tipped over by a current."

Steve considered this, found it answered his thoughts. He muttered, "What beats me is how they knew where to land. They wouldn't have come out before, would they? If they did, they're certainly going to a lot of bother."

This was close to his own ideas, but Martin said nothing.

Steve went on irritably, "Anyway, it ain't much good talking about it now. And," he added, stirring, "we'd better not stay here much longer. More distance we put between ourselves and the Rock safer we'll be. And closer to Bill."

Martin had turned his attention back to the Rock, and when Steve started to get up he stopped him.

"Hold it," he said softly. "Hold it, Steve."

The sky above the Rock was heavy with great cumulus clouds. Against one of them he could see a black speck moving and he pointed it out. Steve peered hard. He couldn't see the speck, but he sat down again grumbling in his throat, disgustedly. Dawn located it and followed it closely.

After a while Martin said to Steve: "The drill is to stay still. You can pick up movement very quickly from the air."

Steve snarled, "But what if it stays up all day?" He had soured a lot since the attack.

"We'll have to stay here all day. And move at night."

"Ain't easy to follow tracks at night. We'll get nowhere fast and drink all the water."

"Well," Martin said patiently, "we'll make no headway if we get shot either."

Dawn was looking at Steve.

"But it won't be hard to find water now, will it, Steve?" she asked. "After the rain, I mean."

He admitted grudgingly, "It won't be like going through a drought, but you drink a lot walking through country like this. And the rain might only have been local."

They said no more just then. When the plane made a wide sweep and came in their direction, Martin warned, "Just learn to keep still. If it comes on we'll have to curl round a clump of spinifex and freeze."

But the plane banked and went back. Martin followed it until it dwindled into nothing, but he remained where he was for quite a while.

"All right," he said at length, standing up, "we can go on, but we'll have to keep our eyes and ears open or it'll be sneaking up on us."

They cast about first for the camel tracks. Steve found them, and studied the blood drops, but had no comment to make. He started to follow them.

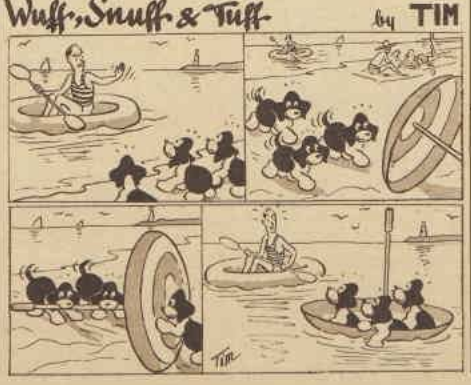
He was too wise in the way of the desert to rush it, but, nevertheless, he managed to work ahead during the first hour. He stopped and waited impatiently until Martin and Dawn caught him up, then fell into step with them without a word.

But his silence was a rebuke which worried Martin.

Please turn to page 40

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



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16/6

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The Red Centre

Continued from page 39

STEVE was well ahead again when Martin saw the speck in the sky once more. He called out, "Steady, Steve, just ease into a clump." He motioned to Dawn to do the same, and choose some spinifex close to her.

The speck grew larger and presently Martin heard its motor. It came on for miles, then went into a shallow bank which it held until it was back where it started. It levelled out at that point, went straight for a few miles, then went into another bank, making a wider circle.

In less than half an hour, its series of widening circles brought it directly overhead. Curled half way round the clump on his stomach Martin was unable to watch it. The spinifex had prickled before, but now its needles became stilettos and the sand and sun unbearably hot.

Martin's mouth went dry. This was a nightmare which had been lived through and ended, waiting for the motor of the dive-bomber to start its screaming. This was an era which had passed and which should have been replaced by comfort and security.

But here it was happening again, or something very much like it, and he was in it not from moral reasons or conscription, but because he was a fool because—because——

Well, there he was. He was out there and never mind the reasons.

The sound of the motor seemed to stay overhead. He was waiting for the changed note which would tell him the plane was manoeuvring for a shot. But it didn't come. In that sea of sandridges, spinifex, and corkwood they were effectively concealed.

The next circle took the plane a mile beyond and it was the last. It flew off, finally disappearing again.

Martin got up and went over to Dawn. She looked very hot and was sitting up taking the cap off her water-bag. She took two deep mouthfuls and replaced the cap. Then she got to her feet.

"I wouldn't want to get really crazy over water," she said soberly.

He nodded without speaking. Steve's head was showing above a spinifex clump. He waited for them to join him before he stood up. Martin noticed his eyes were bloodshot.

Steve rasped: "I'm not playing lizard again. Get me? If that plane comes back I'm keeping walking."

Martin tried to soothe him. He said, "It probably won't come again, Steve." But he thought it would.

"Well, I'm telling you," Steve said sullenly, "I've had it."

They moved on and presently Steve was ahead again. When he was out of hearing Dawn asked, "But it's sure to come again, isn't it, Martin?"

"Pretty certain. What they do all depends on what petrol they've got, of course."

A moment later she observed, "Steve means what he says. He's sick and I think he's started worrying about Bill."

Before sundown Steve was out of sight, but they had no difficulty in following the tracks. They had not spoken for the past two hours. They were too weary now, too exhausted by the sun, and by the physical effort of moving and carrying their loads.

At sundown, when they would normally have stopped, they had to keep going because of Steve. Martin was getting worried then over the problem of how to catch up to Steve in the dark.

Just before darkness completely shut down he stopped. He said, "This is the end of the beat for to-day. Perhaps Steve will come back looking for us after he's eaten."

Dawn dropped to the ground, pack and all. In the dim light he saw her smiling, but she didn't say anything.

Martin built up a fire. There was no danger in that. He thought that any strip the plane was using wouldn't be good enough for night flying.

Between them they had sufficient utensils to make a meal of the supplies they carried. Martin made Dawn rest while he prepared it. Afterwards they spread out their rugs, carried because of the cold nights, beside the fire and Martin lit his pipe. Almost immediately Dawn fell asleep.

From where he was lying Martin could see the two water-bags. Although Dawn had exercised restraint, hers had been lightened considerably during the day's march. The way it was going down it wouldn't last another day. Between them, he calculated, they would have sufficient for three days.

Steve might know how and where to get more, but without Steve there to reassure him, Martin was beset with uneasy feelings. For although the rain had obviously fallen over a wide stretch of country none of it had remained on the surface.

Martin had already learned that the waterholes which were replenished by rains were always where you least expected to find them, and if you didn't know where they were, you'd pass them nine times out of ten, not guessing they were there.

His feeling of responsibility for Dawn increased as he lay smoking. Despite his weariness, he felt far from sleep, and was still smoking when Steve cooeed from afar. The call disturbed Dawn and she was awake when Steve came into the firelight.

"Turned in for the night?" Steve asked genially. He sat down at the other side of the fire.

Martin had been annoyed with Steve, although admitting that the old man's anxiety to catch up with Bill and the camels was for the common good. He had expected Steve, if he returned that night, to be peevish and maybe he would have had something to say himself. So Steve's good humor, meant to be disarming, was suspect. He asked, "What's cooking?"

Steve glanced at Dawn and back at Martin. He said, "Could you do another five miles tonight?"

Dawn groaned. "Steve," she protested.

Steve didn't look disappointed. He said, "I didn't think you could. I've left my swag five miles up the track. Time I get back there, I'll have done ten more miles than you."

Martin said, "We're just pour city folks."

Steve pulled out his pipe, nodding.

"That's what I'm here to talk about," he said. "There's no sense in holding me back. I've got to find Bill and them camels pretty quick or leave our bones out here. I'm talking straight and we've got to face it." He exhaled some smoke and it was almost a shudder.

"I can't work out what Bill's doing," he went on, "but he's still out ahead. Maybe he's hurt, and the sun's got at him. The camels won't stop if they've got a free head, they'll keep going. If we dawdle, we'll never catch up with them."

Martin knocked out his pipe. He said quietly, "I see what you're getting at, Steve, but go ahead."

"I've got to push on," Steve said. "Alone. You'll have to follow best you can. The tracks are easy to follow. I'll dig my heels in and make them easier. Over rocky country I'll drop broken pieces of green spinifex and I'll leave signs where you can find water."

He tapped his shirt. "I've got a pocket book and I'll write the directions."

Martin looked across at Dawn. There was really no alternative, but he wanted her to say it. It came promptly, "I was going to suggest it myself, Steve. It's the only way."

Steve looked pleased.

"I don't need much rest," he said. "I can keep going day and night. It's a bit slower at night, but when the tracks are good like these it's not so bad. Back there they've swung west. I thought at first they were going to skirt the bottom end of Lake Amadeus and head for the George Gill range, but now they look like making for the Petermanns."

He asked abruptly, "How's your water-bags?"

Martin said quickly, "We're going all right. We're set for three or four days."

"Well, look hard for the signs," Steve said. "You won't want to miss them. And go easy on your bags." He got to his feet. "Soon as I catch up with Bill I'll back track. Mightn't be long."

They watched him go beyond the light of the fire. After a little while, Martin yawned. "I think I can do with a spot of sleep," he said.

He built up the fire and took his rug to the other side. Dawn had already curled up again. In a minute he too was asleep.

Please turn to page 42

Beauty in brief:

Lips in fashion

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The well-made-up mouth carries just enough color, is clean-cut around the edges with corners filled in and no sharp line to show where color ends when the lips or open.

WORKING lips together after pencilling or brushing them with lipstick smooths the color evenly.

Open the mouth slightly when you apply lipstick and blend the color inward towards the teeth.

If you have the unfortunate habit of chewing your lipstick threadbare—break it. Blotting color carefully and giving it plenty of time to set is helpful in keeping lipstick solid. This will also help to keep color off the teeth.

At the same time, see that your lipstick is not greasy in texture; although it will coat on the lips easily it will not stay put.

The prettiest mouth is neither small nor large; measure your smile to assess the right proportion. When a broad smile sets mouth corners on a horizontal line with the pupils of the eyes your face will look well balanced.

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The Red Centre

Continued from page 40

MARTIN awoke to the smell of breakfast. It was barely light, but Dawn had the billy boiling and was cooking a johnny cake, Steve style. For a moment he lay and watched the domestic scene, then he rolled out of his rug.

They reached the spot where Steve had camped before the sun had warmed up. Up to there the sun was on their right, but shortly afterwards it was behind them when the tracks took a definite sweep westwards.

"I don't know why they should have done that," Martin commented.

"But then you don't know camels," she laughed.

"What about Bill, didn't he have a say in it?"

"Perhaps Steve is right about Bill," she said, sobering.

They had no difficulty in following the tracks. Martin observed it was as easy as following a traffic line on a city road. He kept a sharp lookout for a water sign, but none showed up the first day. And they saw nothing of the plane.

On the third day, when only the bottoms of the two waterbags showed damp and the tops were as white as bleached bones, they came up with a sign. They were crossing rocky country then and Steve had been dropping broken spinifex stalks.

The sign said, "There's a seepage at the bottom of an outcrop about 100 yards direct north. Steve."

They found it easily, milk-white water in scooped-out holes.

"Thank heaven for Steve," Martin breathed. He felt almost dizzy with relief.

They were rationing their food supplies then, but Steve helped out with that too. He instructed them where to find wild peaches and berries. At one of his camps, the remains of a cooked goanna were hanging, wrapped in leaves, on a bush. The flesh was putrid, but it gave Martin ideas and he went hunting.

They ate goanna and liked it. Sitting back afterwards Martin said, "This sort of thing has great possibilities. What about conducting treks by post for tourists across the Dead Heart, an overland-yourself-service?"

Dawn by then was looking very battered. She had lost weight and her skin had tanned deeply. One of the soles of her shoes had broken away and was tied with a piece of rag torn from her underclothes. Both sleeves of her shirt were torn and high up on the shoulders were red patches where the sun had burnt her through the holes.

Martin had fared little better, but his tougher clothes had resisted the attack of branches better and his boots were stouter. Now he played with his empty pipe and grinned at Dawn. He had used up all his tobacco.

"I can't think of anything more delightful," Dawn said, smiling wryly.

From there on the horizon became more broken as they approached the Petermanns. They were a little confused about the number of days they had been walking, but time didn't matter now.

Then the broken horizon became ridges and the ridges grew slowly, just as if they were actually watching them lift.

When their waterbags were bone dry and their packs of food empty, they came to a glade which, because of its ghost gums and luscious grass, looked as if it could have been lifted from the south and dropped there.

Please turn to page 47

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As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): With April 12 and 13 highly social, the rest of the week takes you into the market-place, buying or selling goods or services. April 16 for a fine proposition.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): If April 13 raises hopes of pleasant things to come, don't go on a spending spree on April 15. April 18 should provide a romantic evening.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Keep a firm hand on the controls on April 13, when an emergency may arise. If somebody treads on your toes on April 16, you may have the last laugh on April 17.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Stand firm as a rock on April 15. Refuse to let yourself be pushed around. Don't exaggerate the importance of schemes which fail to eventuate on April 17.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Clinch any deal hanging fire on April 14 or 15. Remember to walk softly and keep your ears open; you may hear some advantageous news.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Good news in connection with a long-cherished wish, after delay, may be received on April 14. Avoid, if possible, starting any journey or enterprise on April 16.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Happiness among those you love is likely to make April 13 memorable. Reckless generosity on April 15 may put you in the red, but you may decide it's worth it.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): If you're in love—and what Scorpio is not?—a quarrel may develop on April 16 or 18. Otherwise, friends may be touchy and difficult to pacify.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): A regular merry-go-round of activities such as Sagittarius adores. Lady Luck favors you in love or money on every day except April 17.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Should April 16 present you with a disappointment, April 18 may be a high-water mark, with more than one venture coming into port.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): About decided to make alterations on the home front? April 16 extends a helping hand, with the stars smiling on Operation Shift and changes big or small.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A bit of racing round in circles, perhaps worry over something that will never come off, could make April 16 annoying, but April 18 will give you a thrill.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

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M52-1

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ *My Favorite Spy*

BOB HOPE is in good form in "My Favorite Spy" (Paramount) as he runs loose around Tangier popping his eyes and impersonating an international spy.

In reality Bob is a timid, small-time vaudeville clown.

The goings-on that lead up to the patriotic hero agreeing to masquerade as a spy are probably more funny than later sequences in which the gag runs thin.

But there is a fire engine finale that is the nearest thing to Mack Sennett slapstick I have seen in years.

Hedy Lamarr is an alluring stooge for Mr. Hope, and mountainous Francis Sullivan seriously portrays a villain.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

★ *Good-bye, My Fancy*

IN "Good - bye, My Fancy" (Warners) Joan Crawford is a chic woman politician who argues the case for what is repeatedly referred to as "the truth" — academic freedom of thought—with well-rehearsed intensity.

Unfortunately, the expression of this liberal sentiment involves too much talk for the good of the picture.

Keeping pace with the strictly discursive aspects of "Good-bye, My Fancy" is a three-way love affair involving mature Joan, college president Robert Young, and "Life" photographer-reporter Frank Lovejoy.

For a while distinguished Mr. Young looks to be an easy winner of Congresswoman Joan from competent actor Frank Lovejoy, who had the exasperating habit of just failing to be as attractive as the opposition.

Eve Arden's wry humor adds an enlivening touch.

In Sydney—Century.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★ "Good-bye, My Fancy," romantic drama starring Joan Crawford, Robert Young, Frank Lovejoy. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "An American in Paris," technicolor musical starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant. Plus special featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Ma and Pa Kettle at the Fair," family comedy starring Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. Plus "The Treasure of Lost Canyon."

MAYFAIR.—★ "Meet Me After the Show," technicolor musical starring Betty Grable, Macdonald Carey, Eddie Albert. Plus "Girl on the Bridge."

PARK.—★★ "Decision Before Dawn," World War II spy drama starring Oskar Werner, Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★ "Flying Leathernecks," wartime drama starring John Wayne, Robert Ryan, Janis Carter. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "My Favorite Spy," comedy starring Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Two Tickets to Broadway," technicolor musical starring Tony Martin, Janet Leigh. Plus "Nature's Half Acre," Walt Disney featurette.

SAVOY.—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Week-end With Father," domestic comedy starring Van Heflin, Patricia Neal. Plus "Mark of the Renegade," period drama starring Ricardo Montalban.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "An American in Paris," technicolor musical starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant. Plus special featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Unwanted Women," Continental drama of women's D.P. camps starring Simone Simon, Valentina Cortese. Plus "Over the Moon."

VICTORY.—★ "Flame of Araby," Eastern fantasy starring Maureen O'Hara, Jeff Chandler. Plus "Meet Danny Wilson," starring Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Diamond City," outdoor action adventure starring David Farrar, Honor Blackman, Diana Dors. Plus "T-Men," starring Dennis O'Keefe. (Re-release.)

CIVIC.—"The Bullfighter and the Lady," romantic drama starring Robert Stack, Virginia Grey. Plus "Roughshod," Western starring Robert Stirling.

EMBASSY.—"Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," romantic fantasy in technicolor starring James Mason, Ava Gardner, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—"A Millionaire for Christie," romantic comedy starring Fred MacMurray, Eleanor Parker. Plus "Journey Into Light."

LYRIC.—"Dad and Dave Come to Town," Australian family comedy starring Bert Bailey, Ann Richards, Plus "Gone to the Dogs." (Both re-releases.)

PALACE.—"Behave Yourself," murder farce starring Shelley Winters, Farley Granger. Plus "Whiphand," thriller starring Carle Balenda, Elliot Reid.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

ECHO MY TEARS

Jan Foster.

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1 ADDRESSING a meeting of 200 Chicago women who are willing to travel to California to marry, veteran guide and scout Buck Wyatt (Robert Taylor), right, warns them of the dangers of the expedition.

2 HIRE of experienced waggon drivers and cook to accompany party is finalised by ex-schoolteacher Rose (Beverly Dennis), who undertakes trip because of an unhappy love affair. The party heads westwards.

WESTWARD THE WOMEN

IN telling the story of a group of pioneering women of America's early West and the part they played in opening up California, M.G.M. has concentrated on realism.

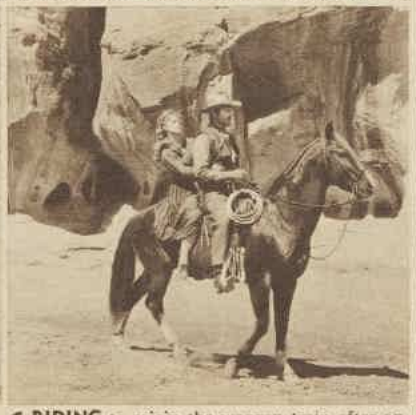
To Roy Whitman (John McIntire), whose lush California Valley lacks only wives for his men, the women who brave the dangers of the journey are the answer to his dream of permanent settlement.

Cynical white scout Buck Wyatt (Robert Taylor) believes them to be the craziest cargo ever led across the country, but he finally marries one of the pioneer women.

3 CLASH between Kelly (Denise Darcel) and Buck is the first of many. Attracted to him, she feels that he slights her.

4 SURVIVORS of first Indian attack discuss Buck's proposal that they return to town. Men drivers and some women have already deserted, but remainder continue hazardous trip.

5 INSTRUCTION in using firearms and handling waggons and stock is given to the women by Buck in the temporary camp which they set up. Later the going gets worse. Accidents, Indian attacks, storms, and rugged terrain take their toll.



6 RIDING to rejoin the waggon train after an attempt to run away, Kelly reveals her love to saturnine Buck, but he does not want to marry, preferring to continue his wandering life.

7 BATTERED and in tatters, the women finally reach a hill overlooking the valley. The women refuse to go forward until Buck gets them new clothes from town in which to meet their future husbands.

8 MEETING the menfolk whom they selected from photos in Chicago, the future homemakers gradually thin out until only Kelly remains. She is joined by Buck and together they line up before the preacher.

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Lives in a cottage; does a bit of gardening; mows the lawn when he feels like it; watches the cricket now and then; goes to the movies occasionally.

Does pretty much as he likes — this average Australian.

If he wants a better job, he is free to go and look for it. He can save his money to buy a car or a business or a house if he wants to. He can work it out for himself; no-one can force him to do anything he doesn't want to.

He's pretty much his own boss.

A nation of Bill Smiths is a strong nation.

It will remain strong as long as each individual understands the value of the freedom he enjoys.

But, this freedom brings responsibilities to us all, the duty of doing a fair day's work, and the willingness to join with others in preparing to defend our land; to fight for it, if need be.

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The Red Centre

Continued from page 42

ALL at once Martin heard Dawn catch her breath, then they were standing spellbound. In a ravine there was a billabong with Parakeelia growing near and in a lower rock-hole native children were splashing noisily.

As they hurried to the water they caught sight of several natives standing beneath a tree watching them. But they didn't stop to wonder whether they were hostile. When you are escaping from one death you don't stop to sum up another menace. That can come later.

And so when at length they lay on the grass replete with water, they watched the approach of one of the natives with only idle interest. He was big and well built, wearing only a loincloth, with a piece of red rag tied round his matted hair. When he stopped a few yards away he was grinning and fiddling with a piece of paper.

"You bin 'longa big water?" he inquired. He looked shy.

Martin laughed. The rhetorical question didn't matter, the friendly inquiry did.

"It's very good water," he said.

"You little bit hungry longa tumby for blackfella tucker?"

"A little bit," Martin agreed. He corrected it hastily, "A lot. Plenty." He wanted to be understood.

The native turned and gave a signal to the others. Then he held out the paper to Martin. "Steve bin here," he said.

It was another note from Steve. It said: "Stay here until I get back. The natives will feed you. There were two camels here. I've gone looking for Bill with them. Steve."

Martin looked up at the native, frowning. "You know Bill?" he asked.

The native nodded. He said, "Bill him properly sick fella. Him crazy. Camels go crazy too. Steve bin catch him before him dead fella." He waved his hand towards the north.

The other natives were approaching shyly with food in their hands. Behind them were the gins, craning their necks curiously to get a look at Dawn. Farther back were girls, giggling but surprisingly comely.

Martin looked at Dawn. She was staring ravenously at the food being brought to them. He said with a grin, "Maybe you couldn't buy a tourist ticket to here, anyway. Maybe you'd have to earn your way here by being good. It's paradise."

"S'pose we bin eat," she said. "I'm proper hungry fella." She licked her lips.

. . . . . .

For two days Martin and Dawn did nothing but eat, drink, and rest. The natives moved their camp down the gorge and they only saw them when they brought food. They did not inquire too closely into the meats they brought, but whatever it was it was tasty and nourishing.

The yams that came with the meat were surprisingly succulent and the wild fruit made a good dessert.

On the third day, Dawn went down to the camp. While she was away Martin climbed one of the hills from which he could see some of the ramparts and escarpments of the Petermanns, and a good deal of its arresting murals.

When he returned Dawn was busy washing a frock in a rock hole. When she spread it out in the grass to dry he could see it was one of the discarded creations worn by native women.

He asked curiously, "What are you doing with that?"

She pulled a face and indicated her torn shirt.

"I've got to be decent even if uncivilised," she said.

"Now I've seen everything," he said.

A little later she was wearing the frock and washing the shirt. She had tied her red scarf round her head.

For a moment, Martin stared at her, startled. With her hair done that way, in the old frock and bare feet, she looked astonishingly native.

Later in the day, Dawn was back in her jodhpurs and shirt. Very laboriously she had laced up the rents in her shirt with thread pulled out of pieces of material. Martin fingered his beard, which was growing fast, and observed: "You don't look the least bit like a gin now, but you could have fooled me, Dawn."

She laughed, and for some reason she sounded pleased.

"Perhaps," she said, "we *might both turn into natives if* Steve stays away long enough."

"It mightn't be a bad life at that," he grinned. "We would at least be providing a contrast for the rockets that will be flying overhead shortly. We could go back to the beginning of the world while they're busy trying to finish it off."

"The way you talk," she said lightly, "for a uranium prospector. And a geologist with scientific aspirations. You'd be running away from your own creations."

He grinned again. Her description wasn't quite correct. But he said, "When you enter primordial spots like this, you wonder why all the scientists don't drop their tools and revert to leopard skins."

Dawn laughed. She said, "Don't you ever think we might get tracked right here to this primitive beauty spot by our civilised savages?"

"I had thought of it," he admitted. "But not much." His tone suggested that.

"Don't you think it possible?"

"What I've seen of the country from the high spots I'm certain they couldn't land anywhere close in a plane. They'd have to walk like we did to get here, and we only got through because of Steve. Reds might be good at organising cells and operating generally underground, but they're no desert rats. So I for one feel secure in our mountain fastness."

He looked up at her. "Don't you?"

"I only wonder sometimes," she said. She didn't sound very concerned, then suddenly she turned her head and smiled.

Raising himself, Martin followed the direction of her gaze. Some distance away was a native girl standing coyly by a tree. Martin had seen her before. She was slim and beautifully built, even her "handout" frock couldn't conceal that. She was very pretty.

The girl returned Dawn's smile shyly, then hid behind a tree. A moment later Martin saw her retreating.

"That's June," Dawn said.

"A nice name."

"We've become firm friends," Dawn smiled. "We've been talking."

Martin turned on his back again. "In native language?"

"Well, partly. She tells me that sandstone town Steve was talking about isn't far from here."

"Perhaps that's where Steve is. Gone over to book accommodation at the Grand Hotel."

"I thought you might like to know," she said, "in case everything turns out all right and we can inspect it."

"Good," he said sleepily.

She persisted. "There's still a chance that we can reorganise and go on with the job."

"That's very true," he murmured. But he was content with things as they were for the moment.

Dawn laughed. "Martin, if you stayed here very long you'd become a lotus eater with no trouble at all."

"None at all," he agreed amiably.

"What is it? Reaction? Or did you always relax like this during the war when the strain lifted?"

He knew the answer to that, but he grinned. "Just exhaustion. I recover fast."

"Martin, did you ever pilot planes?"

"I started off being an ace pilot," he said modestly, "but was regrouped as a navigator. There was a little bother over landings."

"Poor Martin," she laughed. She settled on her elbow and stared thoughtfully at the tremendous rock face across the pool. And Martin fell asleep.

He awoke to find himself staring ahead at two camels. He scrambled to his feet excitedly and then froze. Just a few yards away were Peter Holt and the dark-skinned fellow who had bought stores at Cook. They both carried rifles.

Peter Holt said, "Just take it easy till we get things straightened out, will you? Where's Miss Storey?"

That question had already flashed through Martin's mind. Where was Dawn? She had gone while he was asleep and was probably visiting at the aborigines' camp.

"What about finding out?" he returned coolly.

Peter Holt said with a dry laugh: "That oughtn't to be hard. And we're in no hurry, are we, Lenny?"

"No," Lenny grinned.

They stood there with their rifles hanging loosely on one arm, barrels down. They were dusty and unshaven, and they looked complacent, like people who had taken a trick. Behind them the camels stood gobbling for water.

"Lenny," Holt said, "is this the fellow who said he gave me a book of matches?"

"That's him," Lenny nodded. "Martin Stewart."

Holt said to Martin, "Just a routine check, Mr. Stewart. You couldn't be anybody else, of course. But I didn't take that much notice of you over on the trans-line. A pity about those matches, wasn't it?"

Martin had recognised the camels. They were the cows he and Dawn had ridden. He hadn't taken them into consideration, the possibility that they might return to the Rock and be captured.

Of course, he didn't know anything about camels; and Steve had been too engrossed in catching up with Bill and the rest of the string to think about them either.

And because of that oversight and the failure to couple breaks with a true estimation of their enemies' capabilities, they were in worse trouble than ever.

To be concluded

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

MRS. TROWBRIDGE was stuck. She and her eight-year-old daughter just couldn't seem to hit it off. Janice would whine and fuss. Her mother would try to be patient, but usually the patience didn't last very long. She would scold or punish. Janice would whine and fuss much more. It became a vicious circle.

In the Johnson family, where a similar circle existed, young Billy was ill for several months and had to be given a great deal of attention at considerable cost to his mother's time and energy.

What can we do about such things? In Mrs. Trowbridge's case, she was so worried about financial matters just after Janice was born that she couldn't give her baby the kind of attention and love that the youngster needed.

Parent trouble

Children feel these tensions and irritabilities. They are hungry for affection. If, for whatever reason, they begin a pattern of unpleasant nagging, whining, and fussing, it is hard to avoid coming back at them.

The only answer seems to be to break into the circle of reactions through recognising the child's need, and giving him a lot of special attention. (All characters are fictitious.)

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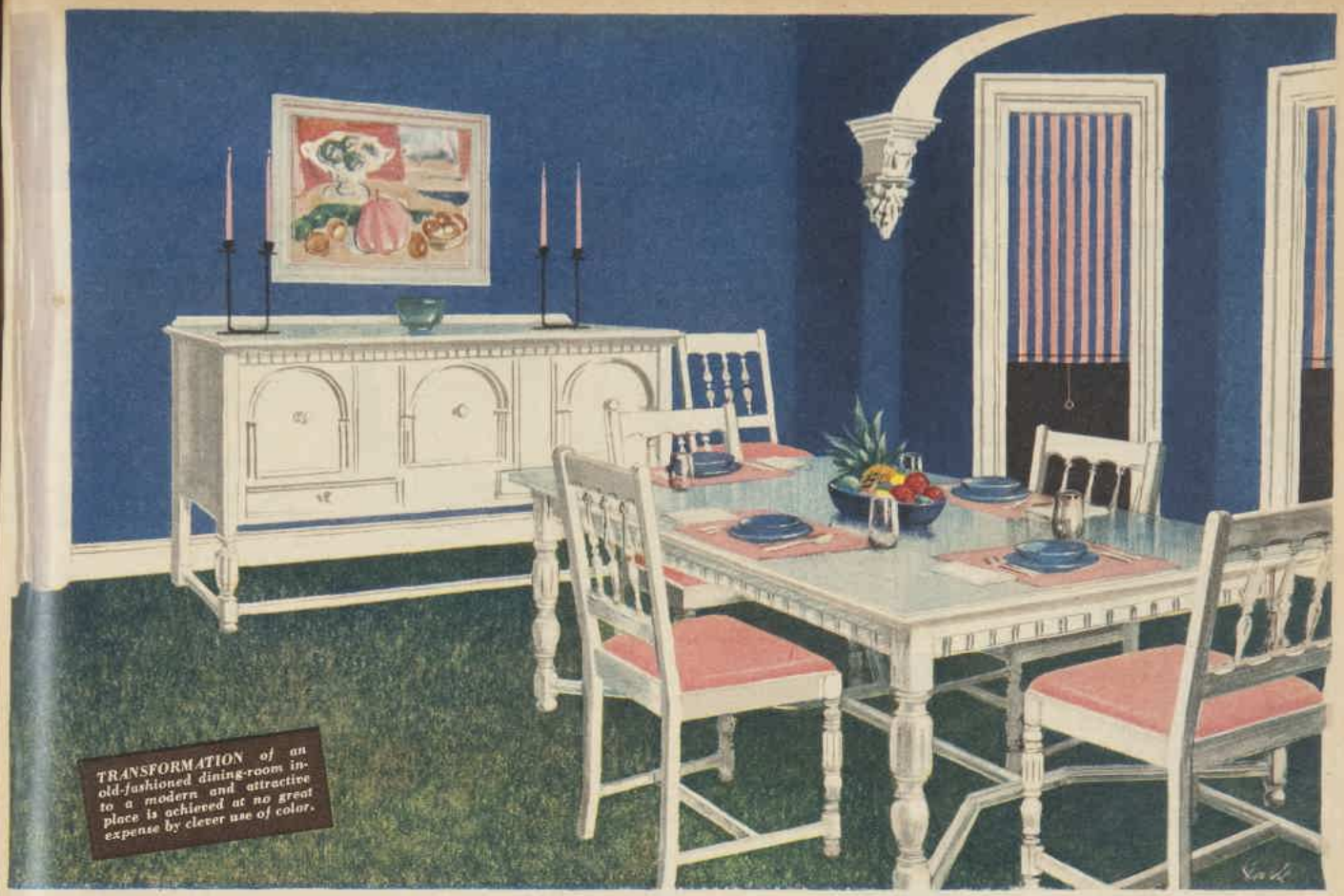


TRANSFORMATION of an old-fashioned dining-room into a modern and attractive place is achieved at no great expense by clever use of color.

The dining-room

There is nothing more conducive to good eating than bright surroundings. Use color to redecorate your dining-room and use it with courage and enterprise and you will be thrilled with the result.

By JOAN MARTIN

COLOR can transform the dreariest of rooms, and the dining-room is an excellent place to begin.

The average dining-room contains a sideboard, table, and six chairs. More often than not these are dark and heavy.

No amount of redecorating will make such a room look bright and friendly until the magic paint-pot has been used.

Most colors are suitable for a dining-room, and you can afford to be more unconventional in a room which is used less often than others.

You will be amazed how original and attractive yours can look if you paint the furniture.

The pseudo-Jacobean dining-room suites that were popular some years ago are the type of furniture that will respond to painting. They will take on entirely new character with a coat of color.

If, however, your furniture is of good quality and of attractive design, no good purpose would be served by painting it.

You can still work wonders in your dining-room by concentrating color on your walls, ceiling, and curtains and by using your imagination with finishing touches.

Before you begin the job, get advice from your local paint shop. They know best which paints and brushes you will need. Mix the colors yourself if necessary. Quite often the subtle shade you want is not on the color card but can be obtained by a simple blending of standard paints.

If there are any mouldings on your furniture, try picking them out in white — a trick which will give your work a most professional look.

Let us suppose that you have decided to redecorate your dining-room.

You can't afford to scrap the existing old-fashioned furniture, but you are quite prepared to spend a reasonable sum in renovation.

The room has a patterned carpet of indeterminate coloring, and although you would love to discard it in favor of the more modern plainer weave, it is still much too good to reject.

Decide to base your color scheme on whatever color predominates in the carpet. For example, we will take red and will assume that there is also a considerable amount of green in the pattern.

The walls are cream and badly in need of a coat of paint, giving you a grand and glorious opportunity to give the room an entirely new character.

Paint the walls green—not leaf-green nor eau de nil, but a lovely deep olive-green.

Don't be frightened that it will darken the room—it won't if you accent it with white.

As the carpet is not new, it may be as well to add a very small quantity of black to the white paint. It will take away the starkness, giving you a perfect off-white.

Paint the door and window-sill white.

Now paint the furniture. Use green again—the same olive tone, but this time lighten the shade a little by adding some white.

Don't lighten it too much or it will lose its distinctiveness. Remember to pick out the mouldings in white!

Cover the seats of your chairs, if they are upholstered, in the red of the carpet, and use a red-and-white striped material for curtains. Have them very full, and, if possible, floor length.

Use your imagination for the finishing touches, the pictures—framed in white—the ornaments, etc., and you will have a room that is gay, looks new, and, most important of all, has cost very little.

The illustrations on this page give other color suggestions for a redecorated dining-room.

Perhaps you are the lucky owner of dining-room furniture which can truly claim to be "old." Cedar or mahogany pieces which were made when workmen were craftsmen will forever have an elegance and charm.

Don't be afraid to blend the modern with the old if your suite is incomplete.

For example, you may have dining table and chairs of cedar, and find the cost of a cedar sideboard a little beyond you at the moment.

A plain wooden cupboard, preferably painted to match the walls, will not look out of place, especially if on top of it you place ornaments which are in character with the rest of the room.

Some people find grey a depressing color. Others may agree with me that it is restful, and the perfect background color.

Pale grey and dove-grey are both attractive, but beware of the blue-greys. They are cold and difficult.

There are unlimited color schemes which can successfully be used with grey walls. Here are a few suggestions:

- Brown carpet, citron-yellow chair seats, off-white curtains.
- Dark red carpet, bottle-green chair seats, green-and-white striped curtains edged with dark red bobble fringe.
- Darker grey carpet, "shocking" pink chair seats, lime-green curtains.

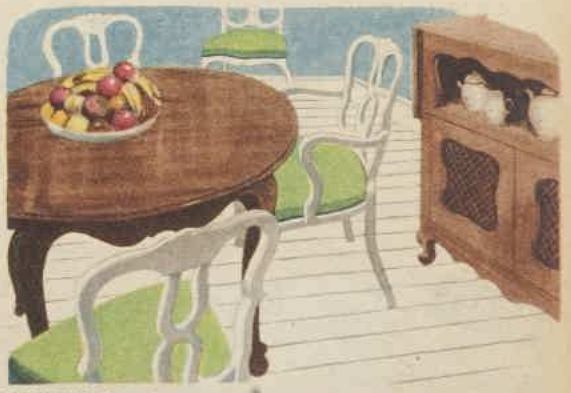
Wallpaper in a dining-room can be almost a furnishing in itself. Today the choice of papers is amazingly large.

Eating is a necessity, but dining properly can add much to the graciousness of daily living.

Be informal if you want to—use your check cloths, the gay china, the wooden ware — but please be formal some of the time.

What of those wedding presents that are left on the shelf to collect dust?

The entree dishes, the fruit service, the dinner plates which have always seemed too good for everyday use—bring them out, clean them up, then set your table. You'll find it little more trouble and the whole family will enjoy it.



SUGGESTION for the smaller dining-room. The chairs only have been painted and the table and sideboard left their natural color. Don't be afraid to combine old and new furniture in one room. Unless you are a very skilled handyman, French polishing is a job for a professional, but enamelling requires only patience and practice.

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HITTIN' THE TRAIL

Velveeta

KRAFT'S NEW CHEESE FOOD

S-P-R-E-A-D-S like butter

— and you don't NEED butter!

What a saving of time and money for you! Simply S-P-R-E-A-D this new golden cheese-food *straight* on bread, toast, or biscuits for delicious sandwiches, savouries and snacks! Then watch Dad and the kids go for that exciting *rich-yet-mild* flavour!

IMPORTANT HEALTH NEWS! Velveeta is NOT an ordinary cheese, but a cheese food rich in proteins and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphates, and is a good source of Vitamin A and riboflavin. Also — Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself. Pasteurised and hygienically packed, Velveeta stays *fresh*. Try Velveeta — *today!* Look for the YELLOW packet.

* *At similar degrees of temperature.*

RICH yet MILD

Look for the YELLOW packet.

VL19

Recipes win prizes

WEEK-END DISH is made of equal quantities of thick white sauce and diced cooked meat. Flavor to taste with salt, pepper, grated cheese, and finely minced onion. Bind with egg-yolk and breadcrumbs. Bake in a ring-tin for 45 minutes or until firm. Serve hot with vegetables.

These simple, delicious recipes win cash prizes for readers in our popular weekly recipe contest.

HOMEMAKERS are reminded that this page is reserved each week for their recipes.

If you have not yet won a place on this page, keep on trying.

When entering, write distinctly on one side of the paper only, giving the full list of ingredients, and stating clearly the method of mixing and cooking.

Recipes for turning everyday dishes into something special, recipes that reveal new flavor combinations, recipes with a novel touch are welcome.

If you are a keen cook you may care to add comments to your entry.

It is important to remember that all spoon measurements in prizewinning recipes on this page refer to level spoons.

STEAK AND BACON BALLS

One pound minced steak, 2 rashers lean bacon, 1 egg, 1 chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, flour, 1 cup tomato juice, ¾ cup water, flavorings for sauce: ½ teaspoon salt, 1 small sliced onion, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, pinch cayenne pepper.

Mix meat with chopped bacon (rind removed), beaten egg, chopped onion, salt, and breadcrumbs. Shape into balls about the size of a golf ball, roll in flour. Place in ovenware dish. Combine tomato juice and water, add flavorings. Pour around meat balls. Cover, then bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Chapman, Hansen St., Moorooka, Qld.

QUICK FISH PUFFS

Eight ounces tinned fish cutlets or salmon (with liquor), 2oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, squeeze lemon juice, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk.

Flake fish, removing any dark skin and bones. Stir in fish liquor, flour, salt, cayenne, parsley, onion, and lemon juice. Fold in beaten eggs and milk. Drop a dessertspoon at a time into deep, hot fat and fry golden-brown. They puff up as they cook. Drain on paper. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Jewels, 52 Heusman St., South Perth, W.A.

ORANGE LAMINGTONS

Four ounces shortening, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. self-raising flour, grated rind and juice of 1 orange.

Icing: One cup icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, sufficient warm water to make a soft icing, coconut mixed with grated orange rind.

Cream shortening and sugar with orange rind. Add beaten eggs a little at a time. Fold in half the sifted flour, then orange juice and balance of flour. Bake in greased slab-tin in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. When cold cut into squares. Combine icing-sugar, butter, orange juice, and warm water to make a soft icing. Spread quickly over all sides of each cake, toss in coconut and orange rind.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. M. Fisk, 128a Newington Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

BANANA LOAF

Two ounces butter or other shortening, ¾ cup sugar, 2 ripe bananas, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water, 2 eggs, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups plain flour, strained juice of ½ lemon.

Cream shortening and sugar, add mashed bananas and dissolved soda. Mix well, then add beaten eggs a little at a time. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and lemon juice. Turn into greased loaf-tin, bottom lined with greased paper if liked, and bake 50 minutes to 1 hour in moderate oven. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning out of tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. W. Officer, Box 1, P.O., Dandenong, Vic.

CURRIED VEGETABLE PATTIES

One onion, 1 dessertspoon good shortening, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, ¾ cup water or stock, 1 dessertspoon sultanas, 1 cup cold, cooked vegetables cut into cubes, salt, pepper, and lemon juice to taste, 3 or 4 slices stale bread cut 2in. thick, fat for frying, parsley and lemon to garnish.

Peel and mince onion, fry golden-brown in hot shortening. Add flour, curry powder, and stock. Stir until boiling. Simmer 5 minutes. Fold in sultanas, vegetables, salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Cut bread into rounds and, with a teaspoon, scoop out centre crumb, making hollow cases. Deep-fry one at a time in hot fat until golden-brown; turn once during cooking. Drain on clean kitchen paper, fill with the hot vegetable mixture. Serve hot garnished with lemon and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Stagatich, 15 Ozone St., Alberton, S.A.

EQUIPPING THE NURSERY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

WITH present housing difficulties, few people have the space to set aside a room as a nursery.

Usually the nursery is merely a part of a room.

If possible, set up the nursery in a room that has good ventilation and a north-easterly aspect.

Windows and doors should be made flyproof. Furnishings should be simple and of the type that can easily be cleaned.

Correct equipment is also an important consideration.

A leaflet dealing with the simple equipment needed for a nursery can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope with the request.

YOUR MOUTH IS A MIRROR

The condition of your tongue is a guide to the events taking place in your digestive system. If all is in order, your tongue is clean, your mouth feels fresh. But if your system's sluggish, your tongue becomes coated, your mouth feels thick, sour and unpleasant. That's when you need a sparkling glass of Andrews Liver Salt! This pleasant-tasting laxative cleans and freshens the mouth, stimulates digestion, and keeps your system free from clogging food wastes. Andrews puts a sparkle in your life!

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for INNER CLEANLINESS

HANSEN'S

JUNKET TABLETS

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By taking Anti-Bi-San *now* you can help to ensure for yourself a winter free from infection. The Anti-Bi-San 3-day treatment, acting through the bloodstream, reinforces your natural resistance and assists you to withstand the germs of colds during the winter months.

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Guards against colds

★ In the great majority of cases, Anti-Bi-San provides protection against colds within ten days of the start of treatment.

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The Wrong Woman

Continued from page 9

LIBBY was brushing her hair to dry it now, leaning a little to one side, bending her head with a slow, dipping motion with each long stroke of the brush.

"You lost your mother when you were a kid, too, didn't you?" Dick asked. It was the first time he had thought of that. No wonder she felt such sympathy for his two.

"Yes," she said, "but they made me feel at home here. And the girls, they've been more like little sisters to me than nieces. They're lovely girls, Dick."

"Yes, you're right. They are," he said. He got up and paced round the table. Her mentioning the girls was as good an opening as he could hope for. It would be good to have her know, have her on his side.

Libby got up, too, and quickly coiled her hair, and fastened it with pins she took from her apron pocket, and that without so much as a glance towards the mirror over the sink. It must be something of a convenience to a girl, Dick thought, to have an inner beauty that shone in a plain face—to be not at all vain—like Libby.

She went to get the coffee-tin from the pantry and to fill the coffee-pot.

"What was it you were about to say, Dick?" Libby asked. "You started to say something, didn't you?"

"I'm thinking about marrying again," he said abruptly.

Libby said nothing at all, but put up her hands again to the shining coil she had made of her hair atop her head.

"I'm lonely," he said, putting out his hands to either side emptily. "I need the kids at home, and I think they need me."

"They do need you," she said. "I hardly know who needs you more. Rose, perhaps."

She was not looking at him now. She picked up the spoon she had used to measure the coffee—an old, much-worn, lopsided silver spoon—and seemed to study the monogram on it. Perhaps she looked down like that because she foresaw that he was going to tell her he wanted to marry one of the girls, and was troubled because she thought them too good, either of them, to be second best in any man's life. She loved the girls.

"Someone," Dick said, "who'll like my kids, who'll not mind living in a house, not modern, on an out-of-the-way farm. Someone who can put up with me!"

"Oh, Dick, put up with you!" she said, and raised her head and took a step towards him.

"Someone who can understand how it was with Irene and me. Someone from this neighborhood, where I grew up. Someone from this house!" He still could not tell her that it was to be Jane or Viola, that he had not yet had a chance to determine which he wanted.

"Dick," she said, and put up her hands in front of her, the fingers, that were pink from being in water, curled towards her, as though she would explain something she felt with them. "It is wonderful," she said.

He thought he had never seen Libby so pleased about anything. He put his hands about her wrists.

"Libby, you knew before I said it. And you think it's all right," he said, relieved. If Libby thought it was all right, the battle, the wooing, was half won. He could go on from there, come the next Sunday, decide, and then shortly begin his courting. He could be married that spring, perhaps.

"Is it so hard to tell me, Dick?" she asked, with what seemed to him gentle reproach.

"Yes, it is," he said.

Then Libby did an astonishing thing. She lifted his hands, that still clasped her wrists, and pressed them to her cheeks. And she closed her eyes, to try to keep back tears that welled there.

After a terrible instant, while he felt like a man treading a stair not there, to be hurled headlong, Dick felt grateful for Libby's closed eyes and her being spared the shock that was his. Libby loved him. And worse, she believed he loved her and that he had been trying to tell her he wanted to marry her.

IT was unthinkable but true. He couldn't tell her how wrong she was—not at once, anyway. And he couldn't have her open her eyes and look into his and see her mistake and be hurt and ashamed. She was so sweet and good, Libby. So gentle and proud. He couldn't hurt her. He did the only thing he could think of to do. He freed his arms and put them about her, pressed her head to his shoulder, and leaned his cheek against her hair.

"Libby, you're the best woman in the world," he said.

"No, not the best, dear," she said. "Just the happiest."

He held her closer, trying to think of something to say, at the same time finding it surprisingly good to hold her—that she was warm and softly pliant in his arms, like a girl.

"Oh, the coffee's boiling over!" Libby cried. "And the rolls I put in the oven to warm—they'll be ruined!"

"Let them!" he found himself saying, before he relinquished her. But she did not look at him. She flew to the stove, set back the coffee-pot and took the rolls from the oven and put them on the back of the stove too. Then she was off to the pantry to bring dishes, a plate of cold chicken, butter, and a little tub of solid honey, to set them on the table.

"Come, Dick; come and sit down," she said. She was smiling . . . no, laughing in the way a child laughs. "Dick, you look so solemn, so scared! Was it so hard to tell me? Oh, darling, is it really true that this has come . . . to us? Is it?"

Back she came to him, to his arms, that opened to her, and this time he kissed her. There was nothing else to do.

Libby had him sit down and poured his coffee, and put chicken on his plate, and then sat down across from him and shook her head when he offered to pour coffee for her.

"Darling, the children!" she said. "The children will be beside themselves with joy. Do you know, to see Bill there, with your solemn face and Irene's eyes, has been . . . to think of you and to love you more each day! And Rose—the clothes I'll make her! Dick, sometimes I get so cross with your mother—the clothes she makes for Rose, sends her to school in. Like any child's. So earthbound!"

"Earthbound?" he repeated, his cup half way to his lips.

"Yes, earthbound!" she cried, and up she got to go to the sewing-machine that stood in the kitchen corner, wheeled there for cosier cold-weather sewing, and took from a drawer pictures she had cut from fashion magazines, and brought them and laid them by his plate. "See!" she said. "Lovely dresses that will make her look the child she is!"

"I wouldn't know about things like that," he said. "We don't want to spoil her."

"No, and we'll not," she said, agreeing. "And we'll not spoil Bill, either. Only each other!"

Dick found his arms about her, drawing her down until she sat on his knee, then gathered her to him, her head pressed to his shoulder. Her hair came down, the twist of it uncoiling, loosening free, to cloud about her.

How could he ever have been so blind as to see her plain? Love, believing love that she had lived towards all her quiet, selfless life, had sunned her into this radiant flower. There was nothing to do but to kiss her, several times, again, and speak her name.

"Dick, I shouldn't have said that — that I am sometimes cross with your mother for the way she dresses Rose," she surprised him by saying between kisses, and drew back to look into his eyes. "For really, Dick, we've her to thank. If she'd not said to me, as she did, the day I took Bill home, after he'd got in that fight—"

"Go on," Dick said. It was hard to listen to her, to talk about dresses and children's fights, when he was so full of the miracle of the thing that had happened to them.

SMILING happily, Libby rushed on. "Your mother said the time was coming, and soon, mind you, that you'd want to marry . . . and would come to ask me."

He held her at arm's length on his knees and asked, "Mother said that?"

"She did," she said. "But I didn't dare believe her. And to-day, even, I'd have told myself it was Jane, or perhaps Viola, you'd come over to see . . . if you'd not come knowing they were all away, and I alone here."

"How'd I know?"

"Your mother: I told her when I called yesterday to make sure the children got safely home through the snow." Libby was looking into his eyes, trustingly, expectantly.

There was something he must say, and hear her say it back.

"Libby, I love you—I love you!" he said, and after a little, "What I wonder is how I have the good sense, the good luck, to come over here to-day and find you, tell you?"

"Your mother sent you, don't you remember?" she said happily, guilelessly. "Darling, your coffee; it will be cold!"

"Our coffee," he said, and held the cup to her lips.

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READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Stamped (3½d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

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WHILE I SLEPT, I kept breathing in VapoRub's soothing, medicinal vapours. They cleared my nose, and calmed my cough.

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TODAY, the worst of my cold is over, thanks to VapoRub's direct double-action!

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"Clothes-conscious? Who, me?"

"I always say, you only get out of a garment what you put into it. So body-building heads my program. And d'you know—I've found that Vegemite is the very thing! Because of course Vegemite is chock-a-block with Vitamin B—and Vitamin B is what we babies need. So, because Vegemite contains more Vitamin B than any other yeast extract manufactured and sold in Australia, I get it every day. Suits me! Ever tasted Vegemite? It's delicious!"

Babies from the age of 5 months take Vegemite readily. Older children need Vegemite too—and don't forget the grown-ups! Vegemite is richly delicious as toast, in stews, gravies, or soups—a grand source of the complete vitamin B complex, and it contains no starch. Serve Vegemite to the whole family. A little does a power of good!

Says Mrs. Woolacott, of Moorabbin, Victoria: "I have read where many children have had Vegemite since they were six months old, but my babe commenced taking it in the bottle at six weeks. She started modelling at nine months old, and everyone says she is a living recommendation for Vegemite!"

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Reflected Glory

Continued from page 4

FOR the first mile or so Betty stared silently into space, then she said: "Ben wants a divorce. The whole thing is too utterly tragic. It will ruin him, of course. He'll be a total loss with nobody at the wheel."

"But there will be somebody, won't there?"

"That girl? What can she know that's of the slightest use to Ben?"

I thought it probable that she knew the secret of how to make him happy, but refrained from saying so.

I suddenly remembered Jenny Ogden's remark about the Bettys of this world being difficult to shake off. To test her theory, I remarked: "You'll hardly be in a position to build him up with any sort of tools if you're having a divorce."

"I know," she nodded, "and that thought has been drumming in my brain ever since the question arose. Then, though you may think me old-fashioned, I don't really approve of divorce."

"You didn't hesitate to ask your first husband to give you one," I remarked.

"What is happening now may be my punishment for having done so," she answered.

I asked her straight out if she was still in love with Ben. Caught with her guard down, she replied: "In love? I loathe him."

"Then set the poor brute free and be done with it," I said.

Two years later, at the end of a Continental lecture tour, I fetched up at Vichy to take a cure for over-eating. At the same hotel was a Mrs. Whitehead from Boston, Massachusetts, whose husband was an enthusiastic and wealthy patron of the arts.

One morning, while I was sitting on the hotel terrace, she came towards me in obvious excitement.

"I simply can't rest until you come right up to my apartment and see something I got hold of yesterday afternoon," she declared.

The first thing that faced me on entering her salon was a canvas perched on the arms of an elbow chair. The subject was a river piece with the massif of the Puy de Dome lying beyond a stiff line of poplars. The arrangement was suggestive of a Sisley, but the execution was so unmistakably Carnaby's that I uttered his name before I had taken a step towards the canvas.

Mrs. Whitehead was delighted. "You'll never believe how I had the luck to find it," she cried, "but yesterday I had the chauffeur drive me along the river and there stood Mr. Carnaby in the first place we happened to stop, putting the finishing touches to that very canvas."

"Where's he living?" I asked.

"In a caravan, my dear. That lovely, silent girl he's wanting to marry was there, too. Mr. Whitehead is a tremendous admirer of the Chiswick Group, and when he sees this there'll be no holding him."

I could well believe it, for the composition was so inexpressibly happy that it might have been painted by an angel.

Mrs. Whitehead filled her lungs and started afresh: "'Mr. Carnaby,' I said, 'I just don't leave this spot without that canvas in my car,' and to cut a long story short he let me have it."

"I expect he was only too glad to," said I. "With our present Treasury restrictions any sale is a godsend to a travelling Englishman."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Mrs. Whitehead, "I never thought of that and wouldn't wonder if he wouldn't have accepted half of what I offered."

But my thoughts were on another matter. "You spoke of the girl—"

She nodded. "Poor dears! In England last year we saw quite a bit of his wife, and everyone was getting sick of hearing the reasons why she wouldn't set him free. First it was to prevent that girl forcing him into a marriage he'd always regret; then because it would be only a matter of time before he realised that he hadn't done a stroke of decent work since she was no longer at his elbow.

"But you know how a woman goes on when she's making excuses for something nobody will stand for."

Grasping at a straw, I said: "There's always a chance she may fall in love with someone else."

"But she did, my dear, head over ears, with Ellis Munro, who's president of the Pioneer Electric Corporation. They were guests of the Lensbergs and carried on like a boy and girl in their first affair."

My voice was sharp. "Then why the dickens don't they get on with it?" I said.

"Well, Betty had to tell him there was the little matter of shaking off Ben Carnaby to be dealt with. Because he was too big to be bothered with idle gossip, I guess Ellis was about the only person there who didn't know she was still married.

"He asked what on earth was the idea of keeping the poor fellow on a ball and chain after she'd stopped loving him. Betty reeled off the old excuses, but they didn't do her a scrap of good. Ellis had no use for a dog in the manger and told her so. She left next morning. They say she seemed to have grown sort of old in the night."

I was driven to the Carnaby caravan that evening and got myself caught up in the hospitable slip-stream of the Whitehead money Ben had earned. I went through Ben's paintings with unadulterated delight. A terrible lot of rot is talked about an artist's best work being done in moments of despair; the real truth is that it stems from happiness.

We had an entrancing evening and I never saw a more radiant couple.

As, by the light of a sickle moon, Ben was seeing me back to the car, I made the idiotic remark: "I imagine that young woman is rather proud of your work?"

"Yes, I think so—hope so," he replied vaguely. "As a matter of fact, she never says. Come to think of it, that's the one thing I have against her."

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MANDRAKE: Master magician
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Set out to solve the mystery of the trees in a forest where people have disappeared. Strange tree-dwellers haul them in nets to a tree-top village, where they find Grant, a hunter who was believed dead. He says the villagers are not fierce unless those who have seen their village try to return to the outside world with news of it. Just then Mandrake saves a village baby from a hawk. NOW READ ON:

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 215—SKIRT AND WESKIT

A smart twosome obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes beige, red, blue, grey, and brown. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 66/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 68/6. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

No. 216—BLOUSE

Long-sleeved shirt blouse cut out ready to make in rayon crepe-de-chine. The color choice includes white, sky-blue, and pink. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/9. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

No. 217—NURSERY SET

A mat and bib for the nursery are obtainable in check cotton with applique pieces clearly traced ready to sew. The bias binding for the edges is not supplied. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, and green and white. The mat measures 11in. x 17in. and the bib 8in. x 11in. Price complete, 6/3. Postage and registration, 7d. extra.

No. 218—CUSHION COVER

The cover is clearly traced with an attractive old-world design ready to embroider. The material is cream Irish linen and British head-cloth in blue, green, lemon, pink, white, and natural. Size 18in. x 18in. Price, linen 9/11, cotton 5/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 219—CHILD'S PYJAMAS

The pyjamas, designed for winter warmth, are cut out ready to make with the pocket motif clearly traced ready to embroider. The material is white flannelette. Sizes: 1 year, 25in. length, 16/3; 2 years, 29in. length, 17/9; 3 years, 31in. length, 18/6. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

• NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

Fashion PATTERNS

F6840. — Classic-type school blouse. Can be made with long or short sleeves. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material for long sleeves and 1¾yds. 36in. material for short sleeves. Price, 2/6.

F6842.—Small girl's cosy winter dressing-gown. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1¾yds. 54in. material and 2¼yds. ¾in. braid for trimming. Price, 2/6.

F6838.—Bouffant waist petticoat has smooth hip yoke and net finish to hemline. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. Requires 1¾yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. net, and ⅞yd. ⅜in. ribbon. Price, 2/6.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6841.—Beginners' pattern for a small girl's topcoat. Sizes 17in., 18in., and 19in. lengths for 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. fur trimming. Special price, 2/-.

F6839.—Smartly tailored school tunic. Sizes, 23in., 27in., 31in., 34in. and 36in. lengths for 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material and ⅞yd. 36in. lining. Price, 2/6.

F6837.—Waist petticoat designed with a hip yoke and finished with a frilled edging. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 4½yds. 5in. edging. Price, 2/6.

F6735.—Tailored jacket has lots of swing and style. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2⅞ yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6843.—Late afternoon dress has swirling skirtline and moulded, low-cut bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

• FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

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She's sweet and she's so lovely!
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(Kensitas—that's good Virginia tobacco)

I'm heading down the highway
And be it understood
There's millions going my way
With Kensitas—that's good!

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Delighted if you would!
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